

# The Nationalist.

FREEDOM. TRUTH. AND JUSTICE.

Vol. 1.

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No. 16.

## THE NATIONALIST.

ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING

—BY THE—  
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TERMS.  
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(INvariably in Advance.)

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SPECIAL NOTICE.—Under no circumstance will an advertisement of unchaste character or doubtful influence be inserted in these columns. Notices coming from parties unknown to the Publishers, must be paid for in advance.

### SONG OF THE PEOPLE.

[REV. "G."]  
There are tyrants on thrones!  
There are martyrs in prison!  
But a host of dry bones,  
As an army has risen;  
When the will of the Lord  
Through the prophet has spoken!  
The right shall be restored—  
Thus our bondage be broken.  
Yes—our Prophets with lyrics  
Made by liberty holy—  
With the song who testify  
Have commanded the lowly  
Who were rotting in chains,  
To arise and be steady—  
Lo! there's life in their veins!  
And they are breathing already!  
And already the dark  
Fears of tyrants tremble,  
Though the law of the sheet,  
In its code, it resembles;  
When a tooth we efface—  
Or a law, that was ringing  
Our life-blood—we trace  
As sharp as one springing!  
How loudly they laughed,  
From the depths of their pleasure,  
While we quivered and quailed  
Of their poisonous measure!  
But, behold! they reared  
Their old chains atogther,  
Like the spider, the net,  
At the change of the weather!  
When to smother the throats  
Of young freedom they hastened,  
In our native roots  
Were deepened and fastened,  
And though many, to wrong,  
And none were to right,  
We have waxed too strong  
For the strongest to smite us.  
Long and often we sighed!  
Yet the justice we wanted,  
If not rudely denied,  
Was ungraciously granted;  
And if now they would cure  
Our least sorrow unbidden,  
In, the kindness, be sure,  
There is treachery hidden.

### Ireland.

The chief feature of the Patrick's Day celebration in Cork was a large collection for the families of the political prisoners.

The Tipperary bazaar held in the Rotundo, Dublin, netted a considerable sum in aid of its patriotic object.

The Irishman says, "St. Patrick's Day, 1873, in Ireland, shows clearly that the faith of the people in the future happy destiny of their country has grown with their strength, and is certain of a glorious consummation. The day in England and Scotland, too, was observed in the true spirit. In London on the eve of the day a great amnesty demonstration was held in Hyde Park."

The Mitchell testimonial movement has been heartily taken up, and is sure to be worthy both of Ireland and of Mitchell.

The men of Ulster of all creeds and classes may well be proud of the manner in which St. Patrick's Day was celebrated. The absence of any disturbance or ill feeling is the most pleasing feature in all of the demonstrations made. Even Derry and Enniskillen did themselves honor. Green sashes embroidered with gold were worn by the processionists, and a general fraternization among parties long bitterly opposed to one another seems to have taken place. When men turn to one another in friendship, and bury their ancient feud, we have reason to hope for a glorious future. Home Rule was the general gathering cry at all the meetings, but the great masses of the people mean something more by Home Rule than do some of the big guns figuring as leaders. Ireland for the Irish, and the Englishman sent about his business forever, is what the people want, and with nothing less will they ever be satisfied.

In noticing the death of the gallant Captain Tom Quirk, the Munster Express says: "It is something very beautiful, although painful, to review the list of centuries that time has kept with such unerring accuracy, and a hot flush of pride and exultation mounts to our brow as we read of the names that honor has placed upon

the list of fame. Who is it that does not sigh over that hour when the French ships bore away from the shores of Erin the flower of her chivalry, in the persons of the princely O'Donnells and O'Neills, while the winds of gloomy September sighed their requiem wall over the waters of Lough Swilly, as if foreboding the woes of our unhappy country. Turn where we will, looking over the battlefields of Europe, the names of Irishmen shine forth with undying lustre—whether by the rolling waters of the Rhine, the parched and burning plains of Africa, or the still more glorious slopes of Fontenoy, they still beam with dazzling brilliancy. And after the lapse of years, how does not the heart throb as the star of Irish chivalry ascends the horizon, shining forth amid the lust clouds of war with a splendor that fairly blinds the beholder, while we watch in mute admiration Meagher's brigade bursting forth amid the storm like a gorgeous meteor, as the young Tribune unsheathes his sword in the flashing sun of freedom, leading the Irish exiles once more on to the track of glory.

The people of Tuam, we are not surprised to hear, made their patriotism a very marked affair. They floated a green flag over the Town Hall with the inscription, "Freedom's dawn is approaching." The police for a reason they had, did not interfere with the demonstration.

The people of Wexford honored the day in the time-honored fashion, and it is extremely creditable to that noble county that from one end to the other of it, there was not that day or the day after a single case of intoxication for the magistrates to deal with.

The telegrams from London are reliable—semi-occasionally. One last week returned the *Sacramento Record* of a conflict between the fishermen and the police at Kingsport, Ireland. Kinsale was meant, but the Cockney operator metamorphosed it.

One of the ex-constitutional and parliamentary opposition agitators of Ireland, John Pope Hennessy, having got from England an appointment as Governor of some place in the Indian seas, thought of being grateful to the Irish by sending to the Zoological Gardens, Dublin, a hippopotamus. The poor brute, like Hennessy's anti-Englishism, died a natural death.

The following from Richard O'Gorman is as pretty a bit of oratory about the Green Shamrock as we have lately met with. He rolled it forth when in a happy mood after dinner last Patrick's Day:—Is not that little shamrock a fitting emblem of the story of our race? There are flowers in the garden fairer to the eye; but the hot sun of summer withers them, and the blast of winter will freeze them to death; but that hardly survives the heat of summer and the cold of winter. The sun may scorch it, the storm may beat upon it, winter may bury it under its snows; but when the snow melts, and the first breath of Spring kisses the longing earth, it awakes—it arises, spreads its mystic leaves in the sunlight and gems the sward again with emerald. This is why, from every part of the earth, wherever this language that we speak is spoken—afloat or ashore—in the crowded city or on the lonely prairie; in the rich man's hut; wherever in true men's hearts rolls the strong current of Irish blood, men are keeping his green on the festival to-night; and as they hail their mother and hail their Saint, Erin sits enthroned like a Queen, and there come, thronging to her feet, as courtiers to the throne, fond memories of the faithful allegiance of millions and millions of true hearts, that shall cease to beat ere they cease to love the dear island.

### Pacific Coast.

Every country newspaper is bound to swear that its own locality is the finest in all creation. We have now the *Antioch Ledger* asserting that the great coal mines of Monte Diablo are as nothing to the coal beds which somebody is to discover under its own section of the valley.

In announcing the fall of General Canby at the hands of the Modocs, Sherman in General orders says: "It again becomes the sad duty of the General to announce to the Army, the death of one of our most illustrious and most honored comrades. Brigadier-General Edward R. S. Canby, commanding the Department of the Columbia, was on Friday last, April 11th, shot dead by Chief 'Jack' while he was endeavoring to mediate for the removal of the Modocs from their present rocky fastness on the northern border of California to a reservation where the tribe could be maintained and protected by civil agents of the Government." The treacherous onslaught of the Indians in which General Canby and Commissioner Thomas were murdered, and others wounded perhaps fatally may be regarded as having sealed the doom of the Modocs. They may for a while prolong hostilities, but must in the end be crushed. In the present mood of the soldiers and settlers the Indians have nothing but extermination staring them in the face. General Crooke is dealing with the Apaches in a vigorous manner. He doesn't believe in Peace Commissioners, but if the Indians won't unconditionally submit and lead peaceful lives he follows them up, and shoots them down wherever they may be found. The last Arizona dispatch says his troops have killed 41 of them. The *Alta*, in a feeble attempt at the florid style, paragraphs the story thus: This time it is 41 of their warriors that have been sent to those happy hunting grounds, where the Pimas will no more furnish horses for their forays, nor the whites attempt their conversion by presents of "plum" good beef and "calls to the unconverted."

The indignation of the people of Oakland at the action of the Supervisors in leasing the county seat at San Antonio is still at fever heat. It is even hoped the County fathers may yet be made to see the error of their ways. The people of Brooklyn have the shoe on the other foot, and are satisfied that whatever is, is right. The

mighty wargoes on, not this time between north and south, but between east and west; this is, between Oakland East and Oakland West. The newspapers are cheering on their respective combatants, and skirmishers are thrown across the Bay, and up town as high as the *Alta* office. One man writes that Oakland is all wrong, and Brooklyn all right. His name is 'Northey.' Let us should forget it, he says. "My name is Northey, although the Oakland paper call me the 'Learned Blacksmith of Brooklyn' for shortness; not because I am an astronomer, like my great prototype Elihu Curritt, but in order to make me 'see stars' for daring to differ with them." As if this court house trouble wasn't enough, the epizootic made its unwelcome appearance on Sunday last. That disease has now reached so many different places on the coast, that San Francisco is preparing for a visit. Our summer winds, however, would soon blow it somewhere else, if it should come, a thing by no means desired.

An earthquake, the heaviest known there for years, has occurred at San Benito, Monterey county. There were heavy land slides among the mountains, but as the district is sparsely inhabited, little damage was done.

Messrs. Clark, Clapp, Thompson, Conrad and Delano, witnesses sent by Secretary Robeson, in the case of R. D. Bogart, can afford to wish for such a trial every month in the year. Instead of paying for the pleasure of making the trans-continental trip, they draw each from Uncle Sam's pocket \$380 mileage and \$3 per day to buy grapes. We are beginning to form a high opinion of Mr. Bogart, since the authorities think themselves called on to spend thousands to establish his character.

The *Battle Record* advocates the early construction of the Feather River railroad.

Miss Lizzie Wicks, an accomplished lady of Dayton, Lassen county, fell into such low spirits since the death of a gentleman to whom she had been engaged, that she found life unendurable and has committed suicide. The act was, of course, the result of mental aberration; but it may show that true love does not altogether belong to ancient days.

The *Virginia Enterprise* says that a swarm of Californian prospectors is watching the snow which covers the Diamond Mountain placer mines, and that whether precious stones may be numerous or not, plenty of loose gold may be expected.

The Honey Lake digging also are reported rich in gold. If the other side of the Sierras holds on in this way, Nevada may lose its title of the Silver State.

The County Treasurer of San Mateo is said to be a defaulter to a large amount. The Board of Supervisors are investigating the little affair.

A branch railroad track is in course of construction from Oakland Point to Alameda. Increased facilities for crossing the Bay are provided.

A little war among the Chinese is apprehended in Sacramento. Reinforcements, arms, etc., are pouring in to them from different points. What the cause of the feud between the Chinese factions may be, is not yet distinctly known.

General Jefferson C. Davis has been ordered to proceed at once to the Department of the Columbia and assume command.

Lieutenant Sherwood has died of his wounds, but hopes are entertained of Commissioner Meacham's recovery.

R. M. Taylor, an embalmer living here, writes to Gen. Schofield: in the "cause of science," and asks permission to gratify the curiosity of the people by granting him a permit to enshroud and bring to San Francisco the bodies of Captain Jack, Scar-faced Charley, Hooka Jim and John Schonchin. It is possible the General is more anxious to mutilate than to enshroud the bodies of the aforesaid assassins.

While tragedy is being enacted at the lava beds, the Theatre Comique in New York is drawing immense houses to witness Whalley's personation of Captain Jack. The drama of "Captain Jack" is described as one abounding with horror, grief, diabolical, savage bravery, pale-faced villainy and inventions of "Mac" upon the Great Spirit. In this case, as in many others, extremes meet.

The man who made a bold attempt to rescue Mortimer from the Sacramento County Jail was shot dead by the jailor.

Bernard D. Murphy has been elected Mayor of San José.

VALLEJO.—Returning from the race track on the afternoon of Sunday last, the horse driven by M. J. Roantree, took fright at something and started off in a mad gallop. A collision ensued between Mr. Roantree's buggy and that of another gentleman. The buggies were completely wrecked, and we regret to say that a Mr. Egan, who unfortunately was standing near, sustained such injuries that he died three hours afterwards. Mr. Jones had his shoulder-blade dislocated, and Mr. Roantree was pretty badly bruised. We sincerely rejoice that our friends Roantree and Jones escaped so well, and hope that the result of this lamentable accident may be no more than a few days' inconvenience.

### United States.

Rock Island has a Roman father—a squire who fined his son the other day \$10 and costs, and then paid the bill.

Tennessee editors are progressive; believing that brevity is the soul of wit, they record a death thus: "Clay Spencer, colored, pint of Memphis whiskey."

The small pox has during the last three months committed dreadful ravages in Canaan, Indiana, but fortunately the epidemic is abating.

In Bavaria there are 29 trade schools and 3 polytechnic schools; in Wurtemberg, 1 tech-

nical university, 10 technical schools, and 11 building and trade schools. Belgium has 11 commercial schools, 15 technical schools, 68 workshop schools and sixty academies, in which is regularly taught art as applied to industry. Prussia has 361 schools for agriculture, mining, architecture, navigation, commerce, and other technical studies, and 265 industrial schools. America the home of free education and of unexampled good sense—how many technical schools has she?

Louisiana is more than disturbed by the war between the races. What might be called a battle took place on Sunday last. A hundred negroes were killed and a large number wounded.

It would seem that they have not concluded to consider the winter over on the other side of the Rocky Mountains. Read this dispatch: "CORRINZ, April 15.—The severest storms of the season are reported between Cheyenne and Omaha, prostrating the telegraph lines and obstructing the railroad."

The men and women of the "period," the boys and girls of the period, all uncle Samuel's children generally, must have ceased to be as saving and prudent as their daddy; for otherwise, the United States imports for the last fiscal year would not have amounted to \$640,000,000.

We would not believe it but for the official census. It appears, however, that there are in the United States 4,528,084 persons ten years of age and over who cannot read, and 5,858,144 who cannot write. Of this latter number 4,880,271 are native, and 777,873 foreign born.

### England.

The way in which London journalists run a "coach and four" through Acts of Parliament, and preach republicanism to the toiling and overtaxed masses, may be gathered from the following:—It has been truly observed that "old monarchies are like old men, gradually decaying." The organs have less life, the functions less vigor; the eight grows dim, the hearing dull, the touch obtuse; the limbs lose their suppleness, so that it is plain vitality is receding, even if there be no local disorder or general disturbance. It was so with France and Spain. It is so with the existing monarchies of Europe. Under Napoleon III, France had her national life imperilled. Under Queen Isabella and her alien successor, Spain had experienced many misfortunes. Both countries had lost public credit, and became burdened with weighty debts. But as the French republic has exhibited a vigor almost miraculous, and achieved glorious conquests over unprecedented difficulties—bursting forth into fresh life, as doth the phoenix from her ashes,—so there is every reason to believe that Spain, and, in a somewhat powerful illustration of what a free nation, which has thrown off the incubus and shackles of monarchy, can achieve when honest and gifted patriots are at the head of public affairs. The regular reassuring, dignified, orderly manner in which the national affairs are being managed in Spain, has induced no slight astonishment, and is commendably commented upon even in our daily journals, and by those organs not favourable to the change recently effected. There are toppling thrones in Europe which eventually must like the like fate with those of France and Spain. The mildly-termed "abdication" of Amadeo, in its plain and political sense, meant "expulsion." And the like moral forces are gathering around dynasties swayed by puppets equally as useless as the Italian prince, which must produce the like effects, and then the cry of "God save the King!" shall give place to that of "God save the sovereign people!"

If any aspiring genius is on the look out for jaw-brakers we advise him to go to Wales. He may there learn that he cannot misspell with impunity. At Pontnewydd, in Wales, Mr. Nathaniel Rosser recently got into an altercation with Mr. Morgan Evans concerning the correct orthography of Llynnnggffwddvaur, a Welsh village, Evans maintaining that the fourteenth letter was "d," while Rosser stoutly averred it was "v." They fought wordily for a long time, each unable to convince the other of error; at last Rosser became so greatly exasperated by his opponent's obstinacy and stupidity, that he procured some hot lime and rubbed it into Mr. Evans's eyes, for which unfair mode of argumentation he now lies in jail awaiting the issue of applying lime to a man's eyes for spelling Llynnnggffwddvaur Llynnnggffwddvaur.

A sentimental lady's maid, much given to reading French novels—Sarah Thompson—thought she would create a little sensation in Bath by pretending to commit suicide. The razor, however, was too sharp, or her hand too nervous. She did create a sensation, for the landlady stormed about the spoiling of the carpet, and insisted on the funeral taking place right off.

The Irish demonstration in Hyde Park on the eve of St. Patrick's Day, passed off without any disturbance. The processionists were not very numerous, but there was a large gathering in the park. Some of the reporters estimate the numbers present at 50,000. A petition for the repeal of the Union was adopted, and resolutions passed urging the immediate release of all the remaining Fenian prisoners. Mr. Mooney, the chairman, in his opening speech, said the meeting had not been convened to express disloyal sentiments to the Queen, but to assert their liberties; and most of the other speakers adopted a similar tone. A number of marshals, wearing green rosettes and armed with batons decorated with green, white, and orange ribbons, were appointed to keep order, and the least signs of horseplay on the part of the "roughs" generally "brought the batons into play" in a manner that amazed the interesting citizens upon whose unkempt heads they descended.

A contemporary, however, says that a number of Irishmen threw down a grenadier, simply because he wore a red coat, and broke his right arm because he refused to keep it quiet.

A few days since, at the Borough Sessions, Mercy Chitty, of Brighton, being accused of robbing her aunt was, in the teeth of the evidence, found not guilty by the jury. When the applause in court which the verdict had produced had subsided, and the recorder read a list of six previous convictions against her, the applauders looked foolish and the faces of the jury fell. There is a story told (it is true although it is a story) of a similar incident which occurred in an Irish court some years ago. A juvenile Pat was charged with being concerned with some men not in custody in committing a burglary. The principal evidence found against him was a cap found in the premises, which several witnesses declared belonged to him. The counsel for the defence rose; he argued long and ably in the boy's defence, he stigmatized the mere suspicion of guilt as an insult to the boy, whose character was irreproachable, and he prayed to the jury that the cap never did, never could belong to the boy. In the end Pat was acquitted, and as the Judge remarked, "Hardly had the applause died away when the virtuous boy made his appearance in court again, and thus addressed the Judge: "Place yer honor's honor, may I have me cap now the gentlemen's found as I didn't do it?" The feelings of judge, jury, and counsel may be better imagined than described. The Brighton jury must have felt a similar sensation when they heard the story of Miss Mercy Chitty's career.

AN INHUMAN FATHER.—William Browning, a carman, was brought up, on Tuesday, charged with deserting his two children, and leaving them chargeable to the parish of St. Leonard, Shoreditch. John Hutchinson, relieving officer of the parish, stated that about a fortnight before Christmas the prisoner's wife and a young child, both in an enfeebled state, were admitted into the workhouse infirmary. The wife died a fortnight afterwards, and the prisoner was called on to take away the child. He promised before the board of guardians that he would do so, but from that time he had never been near the house, and the child had been chargeable for over three months. About a month ago an elder child had to be taken into the workhouse, it being found that the prisoner had left his lodgings, and the child was destitute, without anything in the room to his on. Nothing had since been heard of the prisoner until information was received that led the warrant officer to a public house in Bathnal-green, where the prisoner was found drinking. The relieving officer said that even when his wife was dying the prisoner did not go to see her. Mr. Hannay sentenced the prisoner, as a rogue and vagabond, to six weeks' imprisonment with hard labor.

Here is a sample of the model British Husband. P. Perry, a pensioner from the Army, was charged with a ruffianly assault upon his wife, long separated from him, and obtaining her own living for the last year or two as a nurse at St. George's Hospital. Mary Perry, the wife, said her husband has used her for years so brutally that she was obliged to leave him, and obtained her present situation. On the evening of the 5th of last January, on her way home from St. George's Hospital, London, the defendant met her in Grosvenor-gardens, and, as usual, demanded money of her. She told him she had none, and considered he ought not to want it, as he had just received his pension. He said that if she did not give him money he would tear every bit of clothing off her back. She repeated that she had none, upon which he gave her a desperate blow in the eye and knocked her down. Her injuries from his brutality were so severe that she was, when picked up, conveyed to the hospital, where she was under medical treatment for three weeks. A summons was obtained against the defendant, but he had absconded, and after much trouble was now taken upon a warrant. Mr. Arnold said his conduct had been most ruffianly. Had it been other than his own wife, it would have been an assault with intent to rob. He was committed for four months, and to find bail for six more.

In pursuance of his long-considered resolve to be as well posted as the most accomplished blackleg, the Prince of Wales, Earl Fitzharding, and other distinguished hoodlums, went to the Grand National Hunt and Steeplechase at Bristol. The papers say "flags were not plentiful," as they should have been in a loyal city. To cover up the unpopularity of the racing and gambling habit apparent, the loyalists made this statement: "It was alleged that His Royal Highness had commanded that no display should be made; that it was his desire that his visit might not be celebrated by anything in the shape of great popular demonstrations. If such were his Royal Highness's wishes, it must be said that it is seldom he so sets his will against the loyal inclination of the Queen's subjects; and it is to be hoped that the Prince would not remember with grave displeasure the scene that awaited him when, at half-past twelve, he made his appearance at Bristol." Now, if that isn't newspaper lying, commend us to some one who can do it better.

One of the ways in which London hawkers make a living is that of Stephen Carry, selling indecent toys. On Friday afternoon the prisoner was standing in Lombard street, and a number of persons were gathered round him. The Lord Mayor told the prisoner that he had no right to block up the thoroughfare, and moreover, the articles he was exposing were improper, and such as ought not to be sold. The prisoner said if that was the case they ought to be stopped by the Custom House officers. They came over from Germany. The Lord Mayor indicted a fine of 10s., with the alternative of seven days' imprisonment.

# THE NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 19, 1873.

## Prospectus

-OF-

# THE NATIONALIST,

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

Published Every Saturday at No. 5 Post Street,

San Francisco,

-BY THE-

Nationalist Printing and Publishing  
Company.

The friends of Ireland and the friends of universal freedom have long felt the want on this Coast of a newspaper which should rigorously exclude from its columns all matters not tending to the advocacy of their principles, the defense of their rights, the increase of their knowledge and numbers, the elevation of their sentiments and character, and the formation of an effective union among all sections, parties, creeds and classes of liberty-loving Irishmen and their allies.

To supply this want, as well as to contribute something towards the establishment of a Republic on Irish soil, and the spread of free institutions to every part of the earth, has the NATIONALIST been established. The importance of the work to be performed and the necessity of performing it well, has led to the joint-stock Company of Irishmen, Irish-Americans and others, with the title given above. This Company undertakes to publish the NATIONALIST in future, and pledges itself that this newspaper shall be distinguished by the following characteristics.

1. IN MAIN OBJECT SHALL BE THE ESTABLISHMENT OF A REPUBLIC ON IRISH SOIL. As means towards that end, it will inculcate the necessity of a cordial union among all sections of Irishmen, irrespective of creed, race or locality; the advisability of forgiving and forgetting past differences; the need that exists for harmony among the different organizations of Irishmen; the facility of expecting Irish liberty from other sources than Irish arms in Irish hands; the duty that is incumbent on Irish-Americans to sympathize with and assist brothers at home; and the most efficient mode of rendering that assistance most conducive to its intended object.

2. It will advocate the cause of all oppressed peoples, and the right of every nation to its own autonomy.

3. It will favor the spread of Republicanism and free institutions among all nations, and oppose aristocracy and monarchy by every honorable means at its disposal.

4. In religion it will be strictly neutral, excluding from its columns all references to religious and sectarian subjects. This is believed to be not only expedient, but necessary, as religious differences have been the bane of many generations of Irishmen.

5. Sectionalism, or ignorant prejudices arising among men because of their coming from different parts of Ireland, shall be discontinued, and its criminality exposed.

6. No line of the NATIONALIST shall ever be devoted to indulgence in unfriendly personalities. When, however, the principles of Irish nationality or of American republicanism are attacked the attack shall be vigorously repelled.

7. In the politics of the City of San Francisco and of the State of California, the NATIONALIST shall be strictly neutral, regarding party affiliations as no cause for making any man a friend or an enemy.

8. It will also be neutral but friendly in its treatment of the internal affairs of the United States, but in reference to the foreign policy of the country, it will hold itself thoroughly independent.

9. A speciality will be made of giving publicity to all matters of interest to the Irish societies and military companies of the City and of the State.

10. The Labor Movement and the respective rights and obligations of Workingmen and Capitalists shall receive that attention which their great importance demands. No effort shall be spared to make the NATIONALIST a first-class weekly. Able correspondents from Dublin, New York, St. Louis, Sydney and other important points, have promised their best assistance. The latest Irish and other European intelligence shall be given, interesting news from all lands shall find a place, Californian and local matters shall receive due attention, the business, farming and manufacturing interests of the coast shall not be lost sight of, original Essays and reviews of current literature shall be made a speciality, and the whole will, it is expected, prove our paper mindful of the past, alive to the present, and watchful for the future. The main object of this undertaking being the Union of Irishmen with a view towards Irish Independence, all the obstacles which might impede that union have been, as far as possible, removed, so that the NATIONALIST might furnish a platform broad enough to give standing room to all genuine lovers of liberty. Among the stockholders of this Company are representatives of almost all the Irish organizations of California, whether revolutionary, benevolent, literary, or military. While we rely on our future performances rather than on our present promises, while we believe enough the attacks of all enemies of our cause, and while we acknowledge having already received generous support, we yet invite the cordial co-operation of all to enable us to make the NATIONALIST take a front-rank place among the newspapers devoted to the service of Ireland and Liberty.

What travels at the greatest rate, heat or cold? Heat, because you can easily catch cold.

## Wit and Humor.

Mrs. Muldoon having heard some one read from a newspaper a report about people in foreign parts planting cannon, called on a neighbor to ask what kind of crop might be expected. Barney Murphy told her that, as many sprouts shoot up in uniform who are sons of guns, and as a soldier's side and grandeur may be a sword, there was no reason why a gun should not be among its descendants. "May be so," said she, "it isn't the most unlikely thing that never came to pass, and that may be the reason why guns wear breeches. I declare I never thought of it before."

The captain of a steamboat seeing an Irishman smoking away about the funeral, stepped up to him, and said: "Don't you see that notice stuck up there? To be sure I do. Why don't you follow it then? I haven't seen it move; it's nailed fast I'm considering."

I mean, haven't you read that notice? Devil a read; I don't know how. Well, it says, 'No smoking allowed here.' Be the powers, it doesn't concern me a tran-yen, for I never smoked *aloud* in my life.

At a war meeting held in Chicago, in 1863, some one offered a cow to the first married volunteer. The volunteer was Roderick O'Donnell, who came forward amidst vociferous applause. "Gentlemen," said he, "the cow is not mine, for I'm a single man, and belong to the class that can't be *cowed*."

A lawyer having appeared in court intoxicated, the Judge observed that no counsellor could practice at two bars.

"Telling the truth with penurious frugality," is a polite paraphrase for lying.

Jones, the other day, asked Smith the following question: "We have had the age of iron, the age of gold, and the age of bronze, but which shall we call the present age?" "Why," said Smith, licking the back of a postage stamp, "I think we had better call this the *multi-age*."

In a country paper, the marriage is announced of a Mr. Cooper to a Miss Staves. The result will probably be barrels.

The greatest difficulty that an artist has in drawing crowds is to get them to sit.

A Cornish husband was cold hearted enough to inscribe on his wife's tombstone this epitaph:

My wife is dead and here she lies,  
No man laughs and no man cries,  
Where she's gone or how she fares,  
Nobody knows and nobody cares.

I have lost my appetite, said a gigantic alderman and eminent performer on the trencher, to Mark Supple. "I hope," said Supple, "no poor man has found it, for it would ruin him in a week."

A sceptical man, conversing with Dr. Parr, observed that he would believe nothing he did not understand. Dr. Parr replied, then, young man, your creed will be the shortest of any man's I know."

Reading for the Learned Pig—A "Reuter's telegram."

In every cavalry charge is there not a Martial Neigh?

We don't know whether the deluge came on Monday, but it was the world's first washing-day. The time would seem almost come for another.

An eastern paper, in a fit of revolutionary enthusiasm, says: "Hurrah for the girls of '76." "Thunder!" cried a New Jersey paper. "That's too old. No, no, Hurrah for the girls of '17!"

"If ever you think of marrying a widow, my son," said an anxious parent to his heir, select one whose first husband was hung; that is the only way to prevent her throwing his memory in your face and making annoying comparisons."

"Even that won't prevent it," exclaimed a crusty old bachelor; "she'll then praise him, and then say hanging would be too good for you."

The following is ingenious as a specimen of two meanings in the same words. The one sense is found in reading in two columns, the other in reading across as if there were but one:

I always did intend..... To take to me a wife,  
Single my life to spend..... Would grieve my very life,  
It much delighted me..... To think upon a bride,  
To live from woman free..... I can't be satisfied  
It's sure a happy life..... This woman is the thing  
To live without a wife..... Such trouble on us bring  
To live with my mind..... The joy I can't express  
I never expect to find..... So great in singleness  
A bachelor to live..... I never expect to find  
My mind I freely give..... A married man to be.

## A Joke on Tom Corwin.

[BY DON PRATT.]

"When the Patent Screw and Auger Line of railway from Forkopolis terminated at Muddelburg," it has since come to be a great national thoroughfare—the unhappy passengers were carried to all parts of the civilized world, as well as to New Jersey, by the old-fashioned stages. These stages ran crowded, and there was generally a contest for seats. Governor Corwin was to leave Muddelburg at midnight for the State capital in a stage. To secure the best seat, this humorist set up all night. He was not alone for he had a bottle of choice old whisky to keep him company. He tried his whisky, he said, plain. He then had it made into a mint julep, after which he discussed it in the shape of a smash. About 11 o'clock he thought a cocktail would add variety to this piece of life. This he washed down with a hot punch, and then, at midnight, just as he heard the stage rattle in, he took all that was left "straight."

Seizing his carpet sack and overcoat, he rushed out to find a crowd around the stage, and without saying a word but in a great hurry, bolted in and ensconced himself in one corner upon the back seat. He fell asleep, congratulating himself upon having been so fortunate, and had a dim dreary consciousness of the stage rolling away.

When he again awakened, the stage was at a standstill; the curtains were all down, the windows up; but enough daylight got in to satisfy him that that institution had "done broke" some time since. He hastily started up, and dropping one of the windows, was perfectly amazed to find himself in the wagonyard of a hotel. Two boys were getting their breakfast out of a manure heap, while a melancholy cow stood chewing her cud, while working her tail to keep it in practice for flytime. A lazy hostler was entertaining himself with a pitchfork. A further note of the surroundings satisfied Gov. Corwin that he was in the rear of the Muddelburg Hotel, and that he had been there from 11 of the night before. Corwin was a man of genius, and it did not take him long to discover the cause of this extraordinary result. He had got into a stage that had come in instead of one going out. The people about him, leathern conveyance, when he ensconced him-

self, thought, as he learned afterwards, that he was a passenger in search of an umbrella, or some other article left behind.

The Governor opened the door of the stage very softly. He crept out trying to feel so small that, as he said subsequently, his skin hung loose on him. He could not escape, however, the eye of the hostler, who exclaimed, in some astonishment: "Hello, Governor, did dey forget and leave yer in de stage?" There, there, my man," answered Corwin, giving him a silver dollar, "you keep your fly-trap shut, or there'll be a sudden death in your family."

"Fore God!" exclaimed the hostler, as Corwin walked away, "dat's most 'stronary, the Governor of Ohio done forgot in a stage coach."

Corwin walked into the hotel, deposited his carpet sack and coat behind the first door he encountered, and then sauntered into the breakfast room, trying to assume an air of a man who had not slept in a wagon-yard all night. While discussing the oiled sole leather and muddy coffee, for which the American people pay hotel prices, a friend on the other side of the table, looking up suddenly, exclaimed: "Why, Governor, I thought you left for the capital last night?"

"Well," exclaimed Corwin, with one of the whimsical looks with which he was wont to set the table in a roar, "I was under that impression myself."

"Got left, did you?"

"Yes, I believe I was a good deal left."

"How was that, Governor?"

"See here, my friend," exclaimed Corwin, carefully depositing his knife and fork on each side of his plate, as if they were articles of value, "if you will consent not to press a further investigation upon that subject, I will present your wife with a bonnet more like a coal scuttle than any now in the market. If you don't consent," he continued with wild energy, "seizing his fork; 'I'll murder you.'"

The story, however, was too good for Tom to keep to himself, and for years after, he was in the habit of telling how he slept in a stable-yard, and attributed it to some very bad whisky that Hon. Salmon P. Chase had given him.

## California.

The resources of California, says the *Neuzelker*, seem literally to be unlimited. Every week, almost every day, we read of new natural discoveries, all of an undoubtedly useful character. In good faith, the question will shortly have to be put, not, What does California produce? but, What does California not produce?

The most important recent discovery is that of the immense deposits of borax in Kern and San Bernardino counties. One of the principal deposits is that found by Mr. J. H. Lusk on the Owens river road, about 120 miles from San Diego. The entire flat is already taken up. The borate is found in spots, and does not cover the entire flat. They are, however, quite extensive, and ought to furnish employment to a considerable number of men. These borax fields only require the extension of the San Joaquin valley branch of the Central Pacific road southward from Tipton, to render them far more favorably situated for the California market than those of Nevada, where those interested in the deposits are coming money at the rate of something like \$6,000 a month clear profit. The present market value of borax, in New York, is about \$600 a ton. No considerable capital is required to work these fields, and borate of soda fever may shortly be expected as an epidemic. To skip now to Calaveras county, where, in addition to the richest iron ores in the world, immense quantities of the finest soapstone have been found. (Timber enough there, by the bye, to supply sufficient charcoal to keep a hundred furnaces running day and night for three generations.) To sharpen our enterprise, for it needs it, a whetstone quarry has been opened in Sierra county, one mile above Downville.

This is an addition to the astonishing variety of California's resources which may possess considerable value. Whether it will surpass the manufactured scythe stone of Vermont and Massachusetts sold here in wholesale at \$6 or \$7 per gross, or equal the rare silicious stone that makes the German razor hone, fetching from 50 cents to \$2 each, remains to be seen. It is stated that the grain is very fine, and for putting a good edge upon a razor or tool equal to the best Turkish stone. But at all events the newly discovered California stone is only another evidence that home manufacturers and home resources are all that we need. To conclude a necessarily imperfect list, the already famous neighborhood of Gilroy, has added another to its discoveries. In addition to coal, asphaltum, lead and silicon, three cinabar chimneys have now been discovered in close proximity to the town. Five ounces of the ore were exhibited in Gilroy, in the presence of quicksilver was unmistakable. Let our capitalists give up gambling, turn their attention to and use their influence in the development of these discoveries, and the brightness of our future is decided.

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All kinds of Salt, including Rock, Ground and Liver pool, constantly on hand and for sale.

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174-47.

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First St., between Market and Mission, San Francisco.

Board and Lodging, per Day, \$1.00

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SUPERIOR ACCOMMODATIONS FOR FAMILIES.

The Rooms are Furnished with Patent Spring Beds and Hair Mattresses, and are well arranged, either for families or single persons. Splendid accommodations for the traveling public. This Hotel is situated near all the Steam Landings. Passengers and baggage conveyed to the House free of charge.

MICHAEL RAFFERTY, Proprietor.

174-47.

THE BEST

CATHOLIC BOOK STORE!

Has just received a New and Elegant Stock of

H. C. BATEMAN, No. 208 Kearny Street,

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Holy Bibles and Prayer Books,

Bound in fine Velvet, Mother of Pearl and Ivory Beads,

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Also, a first-class stock of Books, suitable for presents, by the best Authors.

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# ABOLITION OIL!

The unprecedented success of this GREAT FAMILY REMEDY, and the universal satisfaction given by it in all cases, are the legitimate results of its intrinsic merits. KEEP IT IN THE HOUSE—BE YOUR OWN DOCTOR.

PRATT'S ABOLITION OIL is good at all times, reliable at all times, applicable at all times; gives relief more speedily in all cases of internal and external diseases and pains than any other remedy in use. Just as sure as you use it according to directions, just so surely will it cure—

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Paralysis, Sprains, Bruises, Pains in the Side, Headache, Diphtheria, Coughs and Colds, Colic, Cramps, Cholera Morbus, Gout, Lame Back, Pains in the Loins, Pleurisy, Sore Throat, Stiff Joints, Felons, Toothache, Swollen Joints, Earache, Lumbago, Diarrhoea, Swellings, Contracted Cords, Swellings, Pain in the Breast.

And all internal and external aches and pains. Ask your druggist for PRATT'S ABOLITION OIL, and take no substitute.

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Small Size.....Fifty Cents

Large Size.....One Dollar

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THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER AND LIVER INVIGORATOR IN THE WORLD. PURELY VEGETABLE, prepared from fresh Shaker roots and herbs. Cures all disorders arising from impure blood. Restores the Tone and Vigor of the System.

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For Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, and all Bronchial Complaints. They are carefully and thoroughly medicated, free from all nauseating and deleterious ingredients, and are an effective as well as a pleasant remedy. Mothers pronounce them invaluable for children in cases of Whooping Cough and Croup; they act directly on the pulmonary organs, without deranging the stomach or constipating the bowels. To Singers and Public Speakers they are indispensable, as they lubricate the vocal organs, and prevent all irritation of the mucous membrane.

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Manufacturers and Sole Proprietors for all the above named valuable Preparations.

174-47.

# PRIVATE MEDICAL AID

WICK CURES MODERATE CHARGES

DR. W. K. DOHERTY'S

PRIVATE MEDICAL & SURGICAL INSTITUTE

No. 519 Sacramento Street, corner of Leidesdorff street, (a few doors below the Wint Cheer House). Private entrance on Leidesdorff street, San Francisco.

Established expressly to afford the Afflicted sound and scientific Medical Aid, in the treatment and cure of all Private and Chronic Diseases, cases of secrecy, and all sexual disorders.

TO THE AFFLICTED.

DR. W. K. DOHERTY RETURNS HIS SINCERE thanks to his numerous patients for the patronage, and would take this opportunity to remind them that he continues to consult at his Institute for the cure of CHRONIC DISEASES of the LIVER, KIDNEYS, BLADDER, AND GONORRHOEAL AFFECTIONS, and all private diseases, viz: Syphilis, in all its forms and stages; SEMINAL WEAKNESS, and all the horrid consequences of self-abuse; GONORRHOEA, GLEET, STRICTURE, NOCTURNAL EMISSIONS, RUPTURE, DEBRITIS, DYSURIA, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE URINARY ORGANS, INFLAMMATION OF THE BLADDER AND KIDNEYS, etc., etc.; and to hope his long experience and successful practice will continue to insure him a share of public patronage. By the practice of many years in Europe and the United States, he is enabled to apply the most efficient and successful remedies against diseases of all kinds. He cures without mercury, charges moderate, treats his patients in a correct and honorable way, and has references of unquestionable veracity from men of known respectability and high standing in society. All parties consulting him by letter or otherwise, will receive the best and genuine treatment, and no implicit secrecy.

DR. DOHERTY would call attention to the following certificates, from two of his patients who have fully recovered their health, desire to make known their medical agent. It will be seen their statements are fully authenticated by a Notary Public.

The welfare of society imperiously demands their publicity. All parties consulting him by letter or otherwise, will receive the best and genuine treatment, and no implicit secrecy.

A CASE OF GONORRHOEA AND STRICTURE.

DR. DOHERTY—Dear Sir: I feel my health so fully restored that, in common gratitude, I believe I should make you some written acknowledgment for your fee was small for the work performed.

I arrived in this city from the East about one year ago, and was then suffering from an old case of Gleet, complicated with Stricture. Being a stranger in the city, and believing that those doctors who gave such positive assurances success were necessarily the best, I placed myself in their charge, and continued under their treatment until I had lost nearly all hope and a considerable sum of money.

I wish to say now that you are the strict doctor I have employed, and the only one that has ever done me any service. My Gleet is wholly cured, the Stricture is all removed, and my general health is better than it has been for years.

In conclusion I would say to the many unfortunate who require medical advice, if you have any doubts as to whom you should employ, ask DR. DOHERTY for my address and call and see me. (I keep a store in this city.) My experience may save you many dollars.

I would also add that in the early stage of my disease, I used a large amount of the preparations advertised as infallible cures for Gonorrhoea. Gleet, etc., but never derived any benefit from them.

I am, Doctor, very truly yours, L. H.

San Francisco, June 15th, 1874.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 21st day of June, A. D. 1874.

(L. H.) A. S. GOULD, Notary Public.

SHAMAL WEAKNESS—A SWORN-TO CERTIFICATE OF MOST REMARKABLE CURE OF SPERMATORRHOEA.

A desire to benefit suffering humanity, and a feeling of gratitude to DR. W. K. DOHERTY, alone induces me to make this statement. For many years I had been afflicted with that fearful disease known as "Spermatorrhoea" or Seminal Weakness, the result of self-abuse, but till in 1865 experienced but little trouble or inconvenience. In that year, however, I had Seminal weakness to a fearful extent which was soon followed by the most alarming symptoms, as weakness of the back and limbs, pain in the head, dimness of vision, nervousness and general debility. My mind, too, was affected to such an extent as to seriously impair my memory; my ideas were confused and spirits depressed. I was averse to society, had evil forebodings and self-distrust, and was entirely unfitted for any of the duties of life. From 1865 to the summer of 1868, I employed the very best medical talent I could find, and spent several hundred dollars, but in no instance obtained more than temporary relief. I had about concluded there was no relief for me in this world, but reading DR. DOHERTY'S card I thought I should call and see him, as he charged nothing for consultation. I had an interview with the doctor at his office, in Sacramento street, and his fee for treatment was so reasonable, I determined to try him, though I did not expect much benefit from his treatment. On the fifth of December last I placed myself under his care; in one week I found myself very much improved, and now, after five weeks treatment, I feel thoroughly cured of all my troubles, and in the enjoyment of the best of health. Hoping that my experience may be of benefit to others similarly afflicted, I subscribe myself,

JAMES JOHNSTON

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 16th day of January, A. D. 1874.

(L. H.) A. G. RANDALL, Notary Public.

TO FEMALES.

When a female is in trouble, or afflicted with disease, as weakness of the back and limbs, pain in the head, dimness of sight, loss of muscular power, palpitation of the heart, irritability, nervousness, extreme urinary difficulties, derangement of digestive functions, general debility, vaginorrhoea, all diseases of the womb, hysteria, sterility, and all other diseases peculiar to females, she should go or write at once to the celebrated female doctor, W. K. DOHERTY, at his Medical Institute, and consult him about her troubles and disease. The Doctor is effecting more cures than any other Physician in the State of California. Let no false delicacy prevent you, but apply immediately and save yourself from painful sufferings and premature death. All Married ladies whose delicate health or other circumstances prevent an increase in their families, should write or call at DR. W. K. DOHERTY'S Medical Institute, and they will receive every possible relief and help. The doctors offices are so arranged that he can be consulted with fear of observation.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Patients (male or female) residing in any part of the State, however distant, who may desire the opinion and advice of Dr. Doherly in their respective cases, and who think proper to submit a written statement of such, in preference to holding a personal interview, are respectfully assured that their communications will be held most sacred.

If the case be fully and candidly described, personal communication will be unnecessary, as instructions for diet, regimen, and the general treatment of the case itself (including the remedies,) will be forwarded without delay, and in such a manner as to convey no idea of the letter or parcel transmitted.

Communications at the office or by letter, FREE. Permanent cure guaranteed or no pay. Address,

W. K. DOHERTY, M. D.,

San Francisco, Cal.

SPECIALTIES.

DR. DOHERTY has published an important pamphlet embodying his own views and experiences in relation to impotency; or Verily, being a short treatise on Spermatorrhoea, or Seminal Weakness, Nervous and Physical Debility consequent on this affection, and other diseases of the sexual organs.

This little work contains information of the most valuable kind, whether married or single, and will be sent free by mail on receipt of six cents in postage stamps for return postage. Address

W. K. DOHERTY, M. D.,

San Francisco, Cal.



# THE NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 19, 1873.

## OUR PAPER.

**Wanted, Immediately.**  
The Friends of Ireland, and the Friends of Universal Freedom, to subscribe for

## THE NATIONALIST,

The antagonist of everything Sectarian or Sectional, the Denouncer of Humbug and Fraud, the Foe to Monarchy and Tyranny, the Friend of Republicanism and Free Institutions, the Champion of Irish Rights and the Rights of Humanity.

To make this Journal what it can become—a credit to the people for whom it is written—EXTENSIVE PATRONAGE is needed. Therefore, send in your Subscriptions and Advertisements at once, and make your friends do likewise to No. 5 Post street.

## Answers to Correspondents.

"G.," Petaluma.—An Irish scholar, our friend "Torry," has kindly furnished the information you require: 1. From the Celtic "Mac Tighearnain" come the names Tiernan, Kieran, and Kernan. The root of the ancient name is "Tigherna," a "lord," or "master," on which account several Celtic families living within the Pale took the names MacMasters and Masters. Some of the MacMasters, however, are representatives of the Mac-an-Mhaighistir. The clan lands of the MacTiernans were in the County Cavan. 2. The McKennas, like the Maguires and O'Hanlons, were a part of the O'Riaghalla. The territory now called Trugh in Monaghan belonged to "Clan Mac Clonaith." 3. Cullinan and Cullinan are derived from O'Cuilleain or O'Cuilleannin. These families were hereditary physicians in Munster and Galway. Their principal heritage was in Muskerry, now the Barony of Barrymore. 4. The most erudite Irish scholar now surviving is John O'Mahony, to whom indeed "Torry" cheerfully acknowledges his indebtedness.

P. B., Havilah.—We can't account for your paper going astray. Will talk to the Postmaster about it. Your fears that the *Nationalist* had been buried in an utterly groundless. Every day adds to its vitality and vigor. Next year we'll tell you how long it means to exist; but we "ain't" dead or dying. Contrariwise, we are "alive and kicking."

J. J. H., Nortonville.—Your reply to our letter has not yet reached this office.

Virginia City.—Why was the correspondence promised not forwarded?

A. O. H.—The recent elections have made few changes in the officers of the Ancient Order in this city. J. P. Barry becomes G. V. P.; in Division No. 1, J. M. Dwyer is elected P. and J. B. Harrington R. S.; in No. 2, Wm. Simpson P. and J. B. Oliver V. P.; in No. 3, H. Gallagher P. D. Ryan V. P. J. Gallagher R. S. and E. Herrick, F. S.; in No. 4, J. Butler P. J. H. Gilmore V. P. and T. Flannagan F. S.; in No. 5, B. Riddan V. P. in No. 6, J. J. Desmond V. P. in No. 7, W. Higgins P. J. W. Murphy V. P. B. C. Mooney R. S. and J. Kelly F. S.; in No. 8, D. Coyne V. P. and T. Flynn R. S. The officers not mentioned here are filled as during last year, the former occupants being re-elected. Further information from the officers of the different divisions in this city and State is desirable.

E. G.—Kindly forward particulars of the ball of the Knights of the Red Branch in San Rafael.

M.—No sir; it does not follow that because a linguist like O'Hara Taaffe has been appointed Consul at this port for Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, he should be a Scandinavian. He is, we believe, of an old Galway family. Strange things, however, sometimes happen to the descendants of Irishmen. There is a "Dutchman" named Kelly, born in Holland, and now living at the Seventeen-Mile House who, when he came to America, knew no English. He has an Irish tale, and is probably the great-grandson of some Irish exile who served in the Old Brigade. El Senor Murray, Secretary of State in Costa Rica, does not speak English unless he learned it lately; but O'Hara Taaffe is said to be able to talk a trooper out of his boots, whether the trooper comes from Berlin or Paris, Sweden or Copenhagen, San Francisco or Connamara.

The Banquet Guards go on their annual excursion to San José on to-morrow (Sunday). The popularity of this splendid company is best attested by the fact that though tickets are sold only to parties of known respectability, the demand for them has been such that additional cars have had to be chartered. No tickets will, on any account, be sold on Sunday and, therefore, those who calculate on enjoying themselves thoroughly at the Picnic in the Garden City of the Pacific, should bestir themselves this evening.

The Knights of the Red Branch are energetic and determined. The National Festival comes off May 18.

The Ancient Order of Hibernians, Div. No. 7, will hold a Grand Picnic in the City Gardens on June 15. We will give further particulars next week.

Many articles and many items of importance are crowded out.

HIBERNIA RIFLES.—The preparations already made and those proposed by the Committee of Arrangements leave no doubt on our minds that the excursion of the Hibernia Rifles to the beautiful groves of San Rafael on to-morrow week, Sunday the 27th instant, and the picnic which then takes place, will afford the lovers of rare enjoyment one of the best opportunities this season can afford for spending a day of unalloyed pleasure in the most respectable society of the Irish population of California. The Hibernians are, as our readers know, an Irish revolutionary company, and, as such should receive the countenance and generous support of all lovers of Ireland.

## A MOCKERY AND AN INSULT.

If St. Patrick, when he looks down to earth at the time when the celebration of his particular day is puzzling the world, has not enough to do watching his Irish children, and keeping them up to the sticking point of never despairing of the old cause, no Saint in Heaven has. If on the last 17th of March his glance

fell on Bayblon, he doubtless thought of whited sepulchres, for there was exhibited a sample of brassy cheek, such as even hypocrites seldom put on. In Willis's rooms, if you please, was held the annual festival of the "Benevolent Society of St. Patrick," an association of which mother Victoria's son, Prince Arthur, is President, and thereby hangs a tale as long as any Celestial tail in San Francisco. The Prince condescended to be first fiddle on this occasion, the balance of the orchestra being made up of marquises, earls, lords, knights, colonels, generals, judges, members of Parliament, fine gentleman generally, and finer ladies of course. There were a few big bugs from Ireland there, too, but they were of the class who live by plundering and oppressing the poor. To listen to the philanthropic sentiments expressed would, however, lead one to believe that the persons assembled there are the greatest friends Ireland and the Irish have on God's wide earth. Their pretensions, it is satisfactory to know mislead few of any people, and none at all of us. We find that after the cloth was removed, the royal President rose to propose the "Health of Her Majesty the Queen." Like a dutiful son, he eulogized her as the "gracious supporter of so many charities," though she is known to be the most niggardly monarch in Christendom or out of it—"and particularly as the patroness"—a saintly one, you bet—"of the society whose nineteenth anniversary they were met to celebrate." The eloquent Gueph here got somehow confused in trying to say what had brought such a crowd together, whether the society, or St. Patrick, or a cheerful willingness to throw dust into the eyes of our countrymen. "He hoped, however,"—of course he did, for his own breed and butter somewhat depended on it—"that the toast would be received with enthusiasm."

To prove what good they were engaged in, to give ocular demonstration of the Irish being helpless as well as down-trodden; and to satisfy the curiosity of the noble Anglo-Saxons assembled, five hundred children of the Irish poor of London were brought in procession through the banquet hall. This, apparently, was done to excite pity and open the purse strings of the millionaires. It was, in reality, an act of meanness, of which, perhaps, they were unconscious. The workmen of San Francisco have no titled appendages to their names under cover of which they rob the world; but they can, and do, raise more money at any meeting of theirs—for any praiseworthy object—than was raised by the Prince and the rest of the orchestra at the anniversary of their society. What we Irish want, and what we must prepare to fight for, is not alms, but rights—the right to live, the right to be free, the right to have and to own Ireland from shore to shore.

After getting some little way out of the fog in which his hypocrisy enveloped him, the royal orator thought of saying that, "they were assembled at a national"—that is the word he used—"at a national meeting of Irishmen to do honor to the anniversary of their patron saint." Now, St. Patrick must be mighty much obliged to him for the "honor," that is if he doesn't think it a deadly insult. And we are much obliged to him also, for it is consoling to know that, even in high circles, the English begin to feel that their hold on our country is day by day growing weaker; and that, instead of the sword and scaffold of former times, recourse must now be had to blarney and soft sawder. The marquis of Londonderry (of the family of cut-throat Castlereagh) proposed as a toast the health of his Royal Highness, seemingly on the broad Scotch principle of "Caw me and I'll caw thee." Things got confusedly mixed at a later stage of this strange anniversary. The Marquis of Clanricard took the floor in support of what he called a "double sentiment"—the Prosperity of Ireland and the health of the Lord Lieutenant. We should say there was indeed, something double about it—a something unnatural even—most suggestive of the Siamese twins, and calling for a severe surgical operation. Irish prosperity and the Lord Lieutenant, Irish freedom and Dublin Castle, Irish happiness and the hangman's rope! There can be no real Irish prosperity of which we Irish have any ambition to be partakers in companionship with the Lord Lieutenant or the Lord Lieutenant's allies, Irish landlords and English bayonets.

We want none of Clanricard's monstrous "double sentiments" or double bonds by which it is hoped to tie Ireland and England sempiternally together. We look on this London proceeding as a brazen fraud—quite consistent with England's tactics—a base mockery of the memory of our national Apostle, and a gross insult to the intelligence and aspirations of our people.

## MITCHELL.

We can do little more this week than announce the fact that the people of California are determined to bear a hand in raising to John Mitchell a testimonial worthy of his noble life, and worthy also of the old land which he has loved so well and so long. We will not desecrate the claims he has on every man and woman who loves Ireland, but content ourselves with stating that this point of the Continent, the first American land he trod, naturally leads the van in doing him honor. Here "twenty golden years ago," he disembarked from the ship which bore him from penal servitude in Tasmania, and here he delivered that magnificent oration which we print elsewhere, and which by the way we had some trouble in getting for the benefit of our readers. We cannot afford to adopt the Irishman's suggestion;

that is, confine the raising of the Testimonial to Ireland and Great Britain. The high character and hard-won fame of John Mitchell as an Irish nationalist are world-wide, and therefore, such an undertaking must be world-wide also. Irishmen here will therefore take "immediate steps" to give practical help in this matter to their home brothers. Acting on the suggestions of tried nationalists in this city, we think we are not saying too much in promising that the best men on this coast will come forward, irrespective of party, race or section, to make the project take practical shape, and enable California to send on to Dublin a brick of gold, as our hearty contribution to the Testimonial. The clubs of the Irish Confederation and some other Irish organizations have already moved in this matter; but it is not intended to confine the Demonstration which will be made to societies of any kind. Persons of all nationalities have here a common platform on which to stand, and do honor to the veteran patriot. Respecting this movement, we shall keep our readers fully advised. We have no doubt of the signal success of this undertaking, and we thank the Irishmen for originating it. We spoke of it last week, and will speak of it again. As to Mr. Mitchell himself, his extreme sensitiveness is not lost sight of; but he belongs to the Irish people whom he has instructed, led, and defended; and, therefore, let the Irish people come forward with a nation's tribute, and lay it the feet of the nation's idol.

## HONEYWARD.

[FROM THE SACRAMENTO TO THE SHANNON.]

EDITOR NATIONALIST.—You have known for some time of my long-cherished design of returning to the old land after the toil and travel of many years. I can't be much accused of loving toil for its own sake; but travel is my besetting sin, and many a scrape did it plunge me into. Like our friend Fagan O'Leary, I got down to Peru and up to Canada, clambered among the Alleghanies, and got half drowned in the Missouri, and after all that had to join a train of pack mules to enable me to reach the California mines. What fortune I made there is no business of the public to know. How I lately got a pass from the railroad men to enable me to deadhead it to Omaha is, I think, business of my own. I thought of ingratiating myself into the favor of the big guns of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, and as I have never lost my persuasive power which common mortals call blarney, I would have succeeded. I was for a week thinking what a splendid thing it would be to leave the solemn mud flats of Sherman Island and the agues of San Joaquin behind me, and strike out with my chum Jim through the Golden Gate.

Over the glad waters of the bright blue sea. Our thoughts as boundless and our souls as free. But Jim wanted to see again the prairies where he made so many government miles git up and git, and accordingly I made myself so noisy in Sacramento on several late occasions that I was handed two passes to get rid of me, and stop where I pleased.

And that is why we let the "glad waters" alone. And we have stopped where we pleased, and go where we like, and if you imagine we are going anywhere straight, you don't know us, neither me nor Jim. I want to go to some places, and he wants to go to other places, and consequently, you may find our log something like the zig-zag course of a ship tacking against a head wind. Having been across the Atlantic up and down it half a dozen times, we are in no particular hurry to get aboard, at least till the weather is a little finer. We are in Omaha now, but it is an open question between me and Jim, or Jim and me, where we shall go next. Except that Ireland looms up in the far east a promise of hope like a glorious beacon over the waves, we might turn back to get some decent weather. I can imagine linen dusters now visible on Montgomery street, but such a garment gives place here to whatever is nearest in comfort to Mexican blankets. The north-western sweep down from their icy halls, and set us shivering. Even betting men will take no chances on the continuance for a day of any kind of weather. Pleasant sunshine may be succeeded by rain or hail, frost, snow, or wind, or all of them together. If we hadn't met some whole-hearted fellows, and got some of Mac Namara's Irish whisky, in Douglas's street, we should have felt frost bitten. As it is, we are as well as can be expected.

When we left the Sacramento plains, and the iron horse plunged among the foot hills, and made tracks for the Sierras, we felt elevated in more senses than one. Far as the eye could reach there was spread before us a scene on every line of which the eye could rest with pleasure. Square leagues of springing grain, endless flower-clad pastures, herds of cattle, and flocks of sheep, the settler's cosy ranch, the miner's rough cabin, the torn hillside whence the gold has been delved, the endless flumes and ditches, the trailing vines, the yawning ravines over which the trestle work trembled, the waving pines and cedars, and the scrub oak which in former days gave us shelter, made us begin our homeward journey in thoughtful but jubilant spirits. Higher up and higher among the mountains wound our snorting steed, and by and by we came to gulches filled with snow, and soon we plunged into those wondrous sheds so cunningly constructed that the avalanche may harmlessly crash a thousand fathoms down, and bury itself unheeded in the depths below. We are borne in safety through the thunders of the storm, get through the last of the snow sheds,

and as per agreement between Jim and me, make our first stop at Truckee. . . .

We were time enough at Omaha to witness the celebration of St. Patrick's Day. We were not long in finding out old friends and all the new ones worth having. Cozen's Hotel which George Francis train ordered to be set on fire as part of an illumination is still standing, though I might hint a fresh coat of paint would improve it. Train town, or Omaha South, has wonderfully improved, and the monster bridge across the Missouri is one of the elephants which must be seen to be appreciated. For the present, I will let the physical portion of my observations severely alone, and deal with the subject which concerns us most,—what Ireland may expect from the help of the men I have met since I left Rio Visto on the Sacramento.

I never beat heavily on processions, or imagined we should measure our strength by the numbers engaged in them; but though the demonstration here by the banks of the Turgid Missouri would not compare with yours in San Francisco, still it was every way respectable. General O'Brien, Col. Mulcahy, Col. Burke, Messrs. Griffin, O'Neill, Frank Rooney and a number of I. R. E. men were active in making the affair a brilliant one. The city band and the band of the Ninth Infantry were out, Mr. Fitzmorris touched the harp along the line of march, and the Emmet Monument Association took charge of the general management of the parade. If the Red Branch Knights west, or the Clanna Gael east, don't know what the Emmet Monument means, they should learn as soon as possible. Michael Donovan served as Grand Marshal, with Messrs. Doran, O'Brien, Halley, Swift, O'Neill and others as aides. The militant Irish persuasion being a respectable profession here, the procession which was a mile long, was reviewed by the Mayor and Council. Captain Conner commanded the military, the civic societies were out in full force, and those who belonged to no society at all fell in and marched. As many as could find standing room in Redick's Opera House had the pleasure of listening to the orator of the day, Mr. O'Keefe. In the evening we made ourselves joyous at the ball given by the dashing fellows who constitute the Emmet Monument Association.

[For want of space, we must hold over a considerable portion of our correspondent's letter. ED. N.]

## COMPLIMENTARY BENEFIT TO MISS AUGUSTA L. DARGON.

We take pleasure in announcing that a benefit somewhat like what we recommended on March 22d, has been tendered to the accomplished actress Miss Augusta L. Dargon, by the members of the Irish Convention, in which they have been joined by a large number of others of our citizens whose invitation together with Miss Dargon's reply will be found in another column. The benefit will take place at Platt's Hall on Friday evening next, and we hope to find the hall crowded to its utmost capacity. We deem it almost superfluous to say anything in regard to Miss Dargon's merit, as whoever had the pleasure to hear her during her engagement in this city, need not be told that she possesses dramatic talent of a high order. When we add to this the hearty response which she made to the committee on literary exercises of St. Patrick's Day, and the arousing rendition of Davis' superb ballad of "Fontenay," eliciting round after round of enthusiastic applause. We feel it is enough to present her claims to even the hearty support of all our readers. One word is as good as ten thousand to our people—let them be there in solid column, and thereby do honor to themselves and to the lady whose claims on the Irish people are so widely and cheerfully acknowledged. We look forward to seeing it a triumphant ovation, and therefore a credit to the people of San Francisco.

**OUR SPECIALTIES**  
COFFEE TEAS & SPICES



**Murphy Brothers,**  
Nos. 759 and 761 MARKET STREET.  
SAN FRANCISCO. ap19-4f

**OFFICE OF THE**  
**City Gas Company,**  
San Francisco, April 25th, 1873.

**CONSUMERS OF GAS ARE NOTIFIED**  
that from and after the NINTH DAY OF APRIL, 1873, the price of Gas will be

**FOUR (4) DOLLARS PER ONE THOU-**  
**SAND CUBIC FEET.**

By order of the Board, **W. W. BLOW, Secretary.**

**George Cahill,**  
**MERCHANT TAILOR.**  
902 Market Street.  
ONE DOOR FROM STOCKTON STREET.  
SAN FRANCISCO. ap19-4f

## CALIFORNIA THEATRE.

MR. JOHN McCULLOUGH, Proprietor and Manager.

## Special Announcement.

The public is respectfully informed that during the SECOND WEEK of the engagement of

## MRS. D. P. BOWERS

The following order of performances will be strictly adhered to. In consequence of the production of other novelties, there will be NO REPERTORY OF THESE PLAYS:  
Monday.....ELIZABETH  
Tuesday.....LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET  
Wednesday.....ELIZABETH  
Thursday.....LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET  
Friday.....Benefit of Mrs. BOWERS, when the HUNCHBACK will be presented with a great cast.  
Saturday Evening.....MACBETH  
Saturday Matinee.....MARY STUART

## MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

Will shortly be produced with Beautiful Scenery by Porter, elegant appointments, full chorus, and an excellent cast.

## THE CITY GARDENS

FOR THE...

## Coming Picnic Season!

THE ATTENTION OF ALL SOCIETIES, ASSOCIATIONS and Military Companies is called to the advantages offered by these commodious and beautiful grounds for Holiday Picnic Festivals. They can be procured on any day in the week for picnic purposes the counting season on more advantageous terms than any grounds in the State.

**THE CITY GARDENS**  
Are easy of access without any ticket to Societies, and are provided with lawn and beautiful lawns, large Shade Trees, beautiful Flowers and Plants from every clime; numerous Swings; two mammoth Dancing Pavilions; a natural Lake, with pleasure boats; Ferris wheels and Observatory Towers, all perfectly sheltered from the winds. A mammoth Restaurant is on the grounds, and every convenience for the accommodation of large Picnics has been made. Everything has been placed in the most complete order for the coming season.

**THE CITY GARDENS**  
Are the largest in the State. They contain 8 1/2 acres of Knoll and Shaded Lawns, Flower Gardens, etc., and are capable of accommodating 20,000 persons with the greatest convenience. Extra Cars run directly to the Gardens.  
Picnic Committees are especially invited to call and inspect the grounds, and ascertain terms, which will be most favorable.

**M. V. STEVENS, Proprietor.**  
Office hours 9 to 5 p. m. daily, at the Gardens, corner Twelfth and Folsom streets.  
N. B.—50,000 Admission Tickets were sold by various associations holding festivals at the City Gardens last year. The sale of nutritious liquors will be prohibited on the grounds on Festival days. ap19-4f

## MONTGOMERY'S HOTEL.

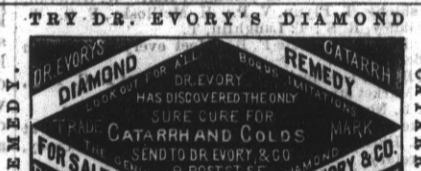
227 and 229 Second Street, SAN FRANCISCO.

This Hotel is conducted on Temperance Principles, and offers Superior Accommodations to the public. The Table is always supplied with the best market affords, and no pains will be spared to give guests the comforts of a home.

Board per Week.....\$3 50  
Six Meal Tickets for.....\$1 00  
Board and Lodging per Week.....\$4 00  
Single Rooms with Board (per week).....\$4 50 to \$5.

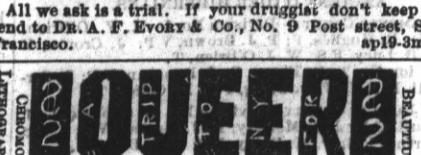
**CHAS. MONTGOMERY, Proprietor.** ap19-4f

**TRY DR. EYORT'S DIAMOND REMEDY**



ALL WE ASK IS A TRIAL. "If your druggist don't keep it, send to Dr. A. F. Eyort & Co., No. 9 Post street, San Francisco. ap19-3m

**WHEEL OF FORTUNE**



ALL WE ASK IS A TRIAL. "If your druggist don't keep it, send to Dr. A. F. Eyort & Co., No. 9 Post street, San Francisco. ap19-3m

**"A TRIP ACROSS THE CONTINENT"**  
Over mountain high and plain;  
Is a new instructive amusement,  
And a California game.  
A splendid home amusement, and a family instructor is the perfect game. Price, \$2 00. THISTLETON & CO., No. 9 Post street, San Francisco. May be sent by mail. ap19-3m

**AURA FAIR LETS THE "WOLF OUT OF THE FOLD."** THISTLETON sells "The Wolf in the Fold" at 9 Post street, at 50 cents and \$1.  
Look at the prizes of the twelve wise jurors That acquitted the Fair Laura so bold! Get one to commemorate the Fair trial. As illustrated in "The Wolf in the Fold." ap19-3m

**NEW FRANKLIN HOUSE.**  
No. 321 Pacific Street,  
Corner of Sansome.....SAN FRANCISCO.

This House is a fire-proof building, newly built, and well ventilated. The rooms are furnished with Spring Beds, and well arranged for families or single persons. Board and Lodging per week, from \$5 to \$6.  
**DORRITY & BERINGHAM, Proprietors.**  
Passengers and Baggage conveyed to the House free of charge. ap19-4f

## Stage Line For Sale.

TEN HORSES AND TWO STAGES ON THE MAIL Route of Thirty Miles between San Jacinto, Bolinas and Olinda.  
Cash required, \$1,500. Enquire at the Chicago Hotel, Pacific street, San Francisco. ap19-4f

## Empire Hotel.

311 and 313 PACIFIC STREET,  
BET. BATTERY AND SANBORN, OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE, SAN FRANCISCO.

## FREE BATHS.

F. BIERNE, Proprietor. ap19-4f

## THOMAS CALLAN.

Wines and Liquors.  
S. E. corner Market and Montgomery Streets, in Last Room SAN FRANCISCO. ap19-4f

# THE NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 19, 1873.

## CITY NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The picnic of the Legion of St. Patrick and Fenian Brotherhood last Sunday at Humboldt Park was quite a success. Over two thousand persons crossed the Bay, and improved their temper by taking part in the enjoyment provided for them. The day was splendid, and the place—though small—well selected. Dancing in the pavilion to orchestral music, and under the oaks to that of Irish bag-pipes was a prominent feature in the programme. No accident or quarrel turned up to mar the merriment which prevailed, and early in the evening the returned satisfied with the day's pleasure. The only shortcoming we noticed was, that the number of bayonets used was less than on St. Patrick's Day. Now, as the picnic was announced to be given in aid of Irish liberty, might we ask these stay-at-home Fenians what excuse they have to offer for shirking a little sentinel duty. Some of them, indeed, had the cheek to go to the Park in civilian attire, and dance with the girls, while their comrades were on duty preventing the possibility of a mishap. It is certainly easier to ride than to walk three miles; but it has such a nice look about it that we wouldn't swear such men will ever march, or even sail to Ireland.

Whoever has a few hundred spare dollars can call on Mr. Cargodich, at the American Hotel, who will explain how untold treasures of platinum and silver and gold, and maybe something more precious may be secured by the party he is organizing to proceed to a portion of British territory two thousand miles north of San Francisco. Several untoward circumstances have prevented Mr. Cargodich from bringing much of the "plunder" here; he's going this time, he says, to make it all right. When that party gets so far towards the north pole they might as well go to the pole itself, and bring down to Tucker the diamond crown which King Poreas hung on it long ago lest it might be lost in his rapid journey south. We'd like to know what's the good of gold without a shower of diamonds.

There never try to wear like eagles. They show a little sense. The readers of a heavy morning paper of this city are informed that Monday last was fine. This is how the blockhead expressed it: "There was plenty of ethereal mildness yesterday." What does he know about things ethereal?

A young lady compositor setting up poetry in a printing office on Montgomery street, on coming to a sweet line about "The odor of freshly-blown roses," happening to glance at the sidewalk and see one of her address standing there in silent admiration, very naturally dipped her fingers into the wrong box, took out an "n" instead of an "r," and so the line when finished, read "The odor of freshly-blown noses." That might suit the poet with the perfume of handkerchiefs outside; but we doubt if any poet would like to have his lines thus interfered with by any lover in creation.

There have not been many shooting or cutting scenes in the city this week. The most sensational occurrence of the last few days was the escape of a Chinaman from the Post house in South San Francisco. In the delirium of small pox, he rushed from his bed, made tracks for the Bay. Not being encumbered with clothes, he plunged into the water, and swam to Long Bridge. Being in a hurry to get to the city he rushed into a railroad car, and set the ladies there screaming with mingled shame and terror. There was a stopping of horses and a rush for the door. The naked Celestial was lessened like any other dangerous animal, but not without striking wildly. Some clothes were put on him, and Dr. Churchill took him in his buggy back to the post house. He is one of the cargo delivered here on Sunday last.

Here is a spiffy and pitiful story clipped from Wednesday's Call. Ellen Sullivan is very unfortunate. In the first place she is poor; in the second place she is not handsome; in the third place she is sixty-five years of age, and in the fourth place she only stole about fifteen cents worth of barley. Our readers will perceive that her case is therefore destitute of one extenuating circumstance. There was no reason why, unless she should shod and snatched her from her cell, nor why chivalry should present itself with ready hand, and so the old woman languished for three months in jail until the lawyers were ready to try her, and no one thought or cared one cent about her, because she was poor and homely; and old, and had stolen only fifteen cents' worth. Yesterday her turn came in the Municipal Criminal Court, and she was sentenced to fifteen days more in the County Jail, and to hold herself lucky.

The pictures which the Chronicle gives of Capt. Jack and others, rather modestly, but sent to the last beds. They would materially assist in terrifying the brave into submission. The Chronicle, however, is a live paper and must therefore have a lively imagination. Montgomery's Hotel, 277 Second Street furnishes from 600 to 1,000 meals every day, and general satisfaction is expressed by all its patrons at the strict, orderly way that the proprietor conducts it.

The Cigar-manufacturers, like the men of boots and shoes, have discovered that it is short-sighted policy to hire Chinese. They are beginning to advertise for white boys to learn the business. Since 1867, the Pacific Mail Company's Steamships have brought over 45,000 Mongolians to San Francisco, and get a government subsidy to enable them to continue the work.

The safety of parading the streets at three o'clock in the morning may be guessed from the luck Charles Sanderson had on Thursday. Four ex-convicts "went through him" after knocking him down at the corner of Leffie and Dupont streets. The men, however, were captured and lodged in the calaboose.

The Lecture Hall of St. Ignace College was well filled by select and fashionable audience last Friday evening. The occasion was a literary and musical treat provided for their friends by the members of the Ignatian Society. Apart from the music and song which were rendered admirably, the chief feature of the entertainment was an able debate on this thesis—"Resolved, that Chinese immigration is detrimental to our country." Messrs O'Day and Campbell made the most of a bad case, but the eloquence and logic of Tobin and G. A. Dunn, who supported the affirmative, carried the house with them. Mr. R. P. Sullivan delivered a splendid refutation; the young ladies contributed their share to the enjoyment afforded, and the young gentlemen of the Society felt proud, and their friends were delighted. We will next week refer to a greater length to this excellent society, and to the good it is unostentatiously doing.

A hundred fools—well not fools, but fellows sold—congregated in front of the Hibernia Bank to witness the eclipse of the sun, which some practical jokes had said was going to occur on Thursday last. As it was full moon last Saturday, and as, therefore, there can be no new moon till the 26th, these gentlemen must have been either moon-struck or strangely forgetful of the knowledge they never had of heavenly bodies. Had it been night, we suppose they wouldn't have expected a solar eclipse, though had we seen them there at untimely hours, we might have concluded they were contemplating a dash at Myles D. Sweeney's treasure vault, or if not at least on the Bourbon casks of Donnelly & Kerr.

One Theodore Jackson, colored, has invented a chemical compound which can turn every negro to a bright Caucasian color. An evening paper suggests that some one should now turn his attention to inventing a machine which might take the kink out of their wool and so let whites and niggers be fellow-citizens. We suppose the thick lips and long heels shall next have their turn. At the last meeting of the Board of Supervisors, Mr. Story, Chairman of the Judiciary Committee read an exhaustive report on the petition of Messrs. Taylor, Howes, Rendon, and others, for a lease of a portion of China Basin for a term of fifty years. The report was adverse to the petition; but as the petitioners have plenty of money, they will not easily despair of sometime somehow winning.

Sunday last saw the steamship Colorado ding on our wharves another herd of 1,500 Mongolians. They brought us a little present, the small box. Other ship loads may be expected. Under such a visitation it needs a full supply of animal spirits (or spirits of the other kind) to singe Daniel O'Connell's "Song of the Rattle Hordes." He sings or says:

"We are coming, California, some fifty thousand more! That, in all truth, is bad enough, but Dan makes them threaten us with worse, and puts into their mouths the following:

"We can do your woman's labor at half a woman's rate; We can load the stately vessels that pass in your Golden Gate;

We'll monopolize and master every craft upon your shores, And we'll starve you out with fifty-aye, five hundred thousand more!

The Chinese have proved their right to be considered civilized by imitating one of the lowest institutions that bring discredit on San Francisco. They have in fact, organized a Chinese Hoodlum society, go armed, and extort black mail from their overseas females.

The Temperance halls continue to be thronged with intelligent audiences. Last Sunday evening, Professor Knowlton gave a able philosophy in addressing the Father Mathew society on "Our Girls," and Stephen Maybell was kind enough to recite some of his own poetry in his own characteristic manner. Mrs. Dr. Carr roused up the Temperance Legion by an effective discourse, and as to the Dashways, they won't want any rousing for a month after witnessing the tragic manner in which Pelos Howe denounced "Public Corruption," and proved we are going headlong to the devil.

## MARKET REPORT.

[From the Commercial Herald of April 18th.]

The month has more than half passed, and we are not yet favored with the full average spring trade, commonly enjoyed at this season of the year. Our jobs, very generally complain of a dull trade, and seek in vain a satisfactory solution of the problem. Outside of commercial circles, complaints of a monetary stringency are far more prevalent than within. The prolonged absence of rain at a season when most needed by the growing grain has a tendency to check the deliveries of wheat by large holders, some well-to-do farmers not being willing to part with the grain until the crop question is placed beyond danger.

WHEAT—The Oriflamme from Oregon brought down 2,000 ahs, being the first installment of a lot of 1,000 tons, brought there for export, and for lack of a ship at that point, sent here for shipment to the United Kingdom. Exports to Great Britain and Ireland are with us still continued on a liberal scale, our grain fleet for the current harvest year alone, numbering about 310 ships, carrying in round figures 9,000,000 ahs, valued at \$16,000,000—more than double the amount ever before exported in a like period.

DAIRY PRODUCTS—Butter supplies are very liberal. Shipments East for the season have no doubt ceased. We now quote fresh roll table butter at 22 1/2¢; 27 1/2¢. California Cheese, 12¢; choice new, 15¢; Eastern cheese, 15¢; for good to choice, 18¢; Fresh California Eggs, 11¢; 12¢; 13¢; 15¢; 16¢; 17¢; 18¢; 19¢; 20¢; 21¢; 22¢; 23¢; 24¢; 25¢; 26¢; 27¢; 28¢; 29¢; 30¢; 31¢; 32¢; 33¢; 34¢; 35¢; 36¢; 37¢; 38¢; 39¢; 40¢; 41¢; 42¢; 43¢; 44¢; 45¢; 46¢; 47¢; 48¢; 49¢; 50¢; 51¢; 52¢; 53¢; 54¢; 55¢; 56¢; 57¢; 58¢; 59¢; 60¢; 61¢; 62¢; 63¢; 64¢; 65¢; 66¢; 67¢; 68¢; 69¢; 70¢; 71¢; 72¢; 73¢; 74¢; 75¢; 76¢; 77¢; 78¢; 79¢; 80¢; 81¢; 82¢; 83¢; 84¢; 85¢; 86¢; 87¢; 88¢; 89¢; 90¢; 91¢; 92¢; 93¢; 94¢; 95¢; 96¢; 97¢; 98¢; 99¢; 100¢.

HAY—Supplies continue liberal, with small large sales good to choice at 18¢; 20¢; medium, 16¢; 18¢; common, 14¢; 16¢; 18¢; 20¢; 22¢; 24¢; 26¢; 28¢; 30¢; 32¢; 34¢; 36¢; 38¢; 40¢; 42¢; 44¢; 46¢; 48¢; 50¢; 52¢; 54¢; 56¢; 58¢; 60¢; 62¢; 64¢; 66¢; 68¢; 70¢; 72¢; 74¢; 76¢; 78¢; 80¢; 82¢; 84¢; 86¢; 88¢; 90¢; 92¢; 94¢; 96¢; 98¢; 100¢.

POTATOES—The quantity of available stock yet remaining in the State is less than 50,000 sacks. Of these we estimate 20,000 sacks to be Humboldt. The present price \$1.50, with a hardening tendency; 30,000 sacks Bogota, Potatoes, and Tomatoes, and for these the ruling rates 75¢; 85¢.

CATTLE—Beef is plentiful, selling by the quarter at 55¢; 60¢; 65¢; 70¢; 75¢; 80¢; 85¢; 90¢; 95¢; 100¢. Hogs on foot are plentiful, but the demand is light; prices, 5¢; 6¢; 7¢; 8¢; 9¢; 10¢; 11¢; 12¢; 13¢; 14¢; 15¢; 16¢; 17¢; 18¢; 19¢; 20¢; 21¢; 22¢; 23¢; 24¢; 25¢; 26¢; 27¢; 28¢; 29¢; 30¢; 31¢; 32¢; 33¢; 34¢; 35¢; 36¢; 37¢; 38¢; 39¢; 40¢; 41¢; 42¢; 43¢; 44¢; 45¢; 46¢; 47¢; 48¢; 49¢; 50¢; 51¢; 52¢; 53¢; 54¢; 55¢; 56¢; 57¢; 58¢; 59¢; 60¢; 61¢; 62¢; 63¢; 64¢; 65¢; 66¢; 67¢; 68¢; 69¢; 70¢; 71¢; 72¢; 73¢; 74¢; 75¢; 76¢; 77¢; 78¢; 79¢; 80¢; 81¢; 82¢; 83¢; 84¢; 85¢; 86¢; 87¢; 88¢; 89¢; 90¢; 91¢; 92¢; 93¢; 94¢; 95¢; 96¢; 97¢; 98¢; 99¢; 100¢.

WOOL—The spring clip is now coming in freely, and its general appearance is favorable. Prices, however, rule low. Sales for the week in lots, approximate 225,000 lbs spring at 18¢; 20¢; 22¢; 24¢; 26¢; 28¢; 30¢; 32¢; 34¢; 36¢; 38¢; 40¢; 42¢; 44¢; 46¢; 48¢; 50¢; 52¢; 54¢; 56¢; 58¢; 60¢; 62¢; 64¢; 66¢; 68¢; 70¢; 72¢; 74¢; 76¢; 78¢; 80¢; 82¢; 84¢; 86¢; 88¢; 90¢; 92¢; 94¢; 96¢; 98¢; 100¢.

GRAIN AND BAGGING—It is computed that 8,000,000 Grain Sacks, or their equivalent in Hessian Piece Goods, have been shipped to this coast from Great Britain for use the approaching season. The supply, no doubt, is increased by shipments via Panama since the opening of a large cargo require it. At present the market is very quiet and prices nominal, and this state of things will continue until we have rain.

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, ETC.—Cotton goods are the turn cheaper, as noted in our last. We quote Sheetings, 12¢; 14¢; 16¢; 18¢; 20¢; 22¢; 24¢; 26¢; 28¢; 30¢; 32¢; 34¢; 36¢; 38¢; 40¢; 42¢; 44¢; 46¢; 48¢; 50¢; 52¢; 54¢; 56¢; 58¢; 60¢; 62¢; 64¢; 66¢; 68¢; 70¢; 72¢; 74¢; 76¢; 78¢; 80¢; 82¢; 84¢; 86¢; 88¢; 90¢; 92¢; 94¢; 96¢; 98¢; 100¢.

WHISKY—The Stock is large, and the market quiet for all kinds other than the usual jobbing demand for Bourbon. We quote common Bourbon, \$1.75 to 2.00; good to choice old, \$2.25 to 2.50. Eastern High Proof common, commands \$1.10. Sales of J. H. Carter's S. U. Suit's and Miller's fine Bourbon, in lots, at our quotations.

THOUSANDS of testimonials can be seen at the COGNAC DEPOSE and CARRY DEPOSE, 228 Market Street. Warranted to cure or money refunded. For sale by all dealers in medicines.

GRAND IRISH NATIONAL FESTIVAL.

Knights of the Red Branch

ATTENTION!

THERE WILL BE A MEETING OF THE

## TESTIMONIAL.

HALL OF THE IRISH CONVENTION.

San Francisco, April 14, 1873.

MISS AUGUSTA L. DARGON—Madame: It being understood that you have returned to San Francisco, having completed your engagements on the Pacific Coast, and are about to return East. In accordance with a resolution passed on the 13th inst., by the Irish Convention, we respectfully tender you a testimonial benefit, at whatever time and place you may select, as a recognition of your kindness in adding to the literary exercises of St. Patrick's Day, and of your talent and patriotism, and would request that you repeat the recitation of Davis's battle-ballad of "Fontenoy."

Yours, very respectfully,

JOHN KENNELLY, President.  
T. M. CONNELLY, Vice-President.  
JOHN GRANT, Treasurer.  
D. COYNE, Secretary.  
M. WARD, Committee on Literature.  
JOHN RYAN, Secretary Exercises.  
M. F. CUMMINS, Grand Marshal.  
COL. M. C. SMITH, Chief Aids.  
DAN'S SWEENEY, Chief of Staff.  
JOHN H. MILL, Aids to Chief.  
COL. P. W. WALSH, Aids to Chief.  
MAJOR P. W. BLACK, of Staff.

By order of the Convention,  
JOHN KENNELLY, President.  
D. COYNE, Secretary.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 14, 1873.  
MISS AUGUSTA L. DARGON—Madame: It affords us pleasure to join with our fellow citizens in tendering you the proposed testimonial in recognition of your merit and patriotism.

Yours, very respectfully,

Myles D. Sweeney,  
J. A. Donahue,  
Robert Sherwood,  
Richard Tobin,  
Philip A. Houch,  
Wm. Dunphy,  
Wm. S. O'Brien,  
J. Flood,  
M. Skelly,  
J. H. Tobin,  
Michael Kane,  
Edward Commas,  
John Burke Phillips,  
D. Jordan,  
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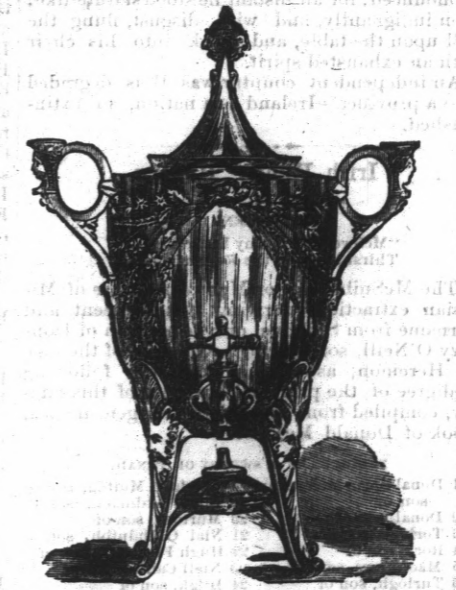
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# THE NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 19, 1873.

## A REVERIE.

[BY F. J. MALONE.]

HEARING AN IRISH THUNDER RING IN THE STREETS OF  
SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 1, 1873.

Ha! what sound is that, most familiar to  
My ear among the voice of all the birds  
That chirrup in yon Babel aviary?  
That recurs to my childhood's soul and wakes  
The sleeping memories of boyhood—  
That conjures up the ghosts of bygone years,  
And makes me seem "at home" again;  
"At home" among the clover-fields and sunny  
Dells, the hills and valleys of my native Erin,  
That still remember me, as of old, though  
To all else in native place I'm an  
Utter stranger. Ah, methinks sad the thought,  
That I am a stranger in a strange land,  
And utterly unknown in the very spot  
Where I was born—only the landscape still  
Remembers me. All else is "foreign" to me,  
And I to all else. A new generation,  
Of brothers dear, of schoolmates and of those  
Who were my playmates, not one remains;  
The hand of death, of time, of famine, and,  
The spoiler's hand hath removed them all,  
And scattered them to the four winds of Heaven.  
Some have found an early Irish grave,  
And sleep in yonder holy ground, where  
By the ruined abbey wall, my fathers  
Sleep; others have fallen near the Southern  
Cross or in Canadian wilds; still others  
Have left their bones to bleach on Arctic shores  
Or India's sands, and more have fallen  
Bravely fighting for a cause not theirs,  
For a people who think them not—and  
Yet not a few struggle on, cheerless and hopeless,  
Augmenting the "stock" of every nation's  
Greatest but their own; or raising up a  
Progeny that, in a few years hence, will even  
Deny "the rock from whence it has been hewn,  
And the pit from which it has been digged."

Ah, methinks sad the thought of a brave  
And generous-hearted race, to "manure"  
The earth and sink into it—to "die and make  
No sign." What sin has it been guilty of  
That it should be thus punished? Is it  
A sin not to be selfish in an age  
Of selfishness? To be generous and  
Magnanimous in an age that's neither?  
Has the moral order of the world been  
Reversed, and has virtue become  
Vice, and vice virtue? If so, then  
The blaspheming atheist is right when  
He says, "There is no Providence," that  
"Man make their own Providence," and that  
"Might makes right." But I will not despair.  
For the soul is ever young, and it is the  
Souls of individuals that make the soul of  
A nation. Though in this money-getting,  
Materialistic, matter-of-fact  
Place, the idealism and unselfish  
Generosity of my race is as  
Mush out of place as the song, sweet exile,  
Still, like thee, we have our uses in the order  
Of Providence. Then cast back the soul  
Of my youth, ere it became corrupted  
By the world's ways, and make me feel a  
Boy again—young as when, a school-boy, I  
Went bird's nesting among the briar, and  
Holly, and hawthorne; and from the sunny  
Copse started thy ancestors, who with loud  
Scream flattered to the top of the trees,  
In the century-old orchard of Carrick.  
A Varan, where they piped their merry lay  
O'er the blue waters of Lake Bellahoe,  
Where erst the guns of Ireton and O'Neill  
Made music of a different kind.

We have our uses, and that use, here, is  
To keep a soul in this most soulless nation.  
I am thy fellow-exile, and though not  
Caged like thee, am as much as thou art  
Out of my native element and place.

\* Lake Bellahoe is a beautiful sheet of water, eight  
or ten miles in circumference, the most southern of a chain  
of lakes and lake valleys extending many miles north  
into the province of Ulster and barony of Farney,  
anciently the ancestral patrimony of the MacMahons,  
the forefathers of the present French Marshal of that  
name. The property was confiscated in the name of  
James the first, and is now owned by an Englishman,  
the Earl of Bute. On the eastern border of the lake  
runs an old road leading from Dublin, and what used to  
be the English "Pale," into Ulster. An old bridge—  
broken now—spanned the river Glyde, that takes its  
rise in this lake. The banks slope gently on either side  
—the Leitrim and Ulster sides—to the river. It was  
"the gap of the north." Here Owen Roe O'Neill, in 1660  
disputed the passage of Ireton, Cromwell's son-in-law  
into Ulster. The battle was an artillery duel, and re-  
sulted in a drawn fight. At the clearing and deepening  
of the river in 1855 I have seen some of the cannon  
balls dug up that were fired in that battle.

## Sesquipedalian Oratory.

How Timothy Virgilus O'Doherty the Irish  
School Master Silenced His Antagonists.

[BY W. F.]

Having noticed for some time back the ten-  
dency of many San Francisco speakers to in-  
dulge in words of learned length and thundering  
sound, we have thought it expedient to print a  
sample which may save them the trouble of  
consulting Webster's "Unabridged." The  
mighty thunderer who rolled off the following  
speech fifty years ago was a pedagogue in Cur-  
rickabrick, a village on the beautiful Avon  
Mor. A rival who had the effrontery to open  
another seminar for the "confusion of useless  
knowledge," having threatened his long-un-  
questioned supremacy, Timothy Virgilus con-  
voked a meeting of the parents and friends of  
his pupils, and proceeded to enlighten them in  
the following lucid fashion:

"The intelligence having appropriated to my  
particular organs, the certain excrementitious  
schedules have been quotidianally promulgated  
through the romantic habitations of Cur-  
rickabrick and its proximate vicinity, tending to  
pollute the hitherto untarnished escutcheon of  
the philomaths, and calculated to bring un-  
wanted odium on those leonine patrons of uni-  
versal literature, I have determined to present  
myself to your ocular propinquity in propria  
persona, that I may locate before the portals of  
your capacious imaginations, the transparent  
clarity and polypheistical pomposity of which  
they are a consecration, that I may in public  
unfold the thunders of my genius,

and ingurgitate, in the Maelstrom of semper-  
ternal confusion, the ululating scribble of these  
vermiparous ebullitions. And were it not that for  
the evangelical mandate of Christian charity, sup-  
plemented by the internal promptings of my  
monitorial conscience, restrains me from  
entering into a pugilistic encounter with so un-  
worthy an antagonist, the termination of this  
matter may be, that I would, at a posthumous fu-  
ture period, be impaled on some ignifera arbor  
for the making this terraqueous orb of  
ours minus that grammivorous accretion of  
perverciacy and tergiversation. But, whilst  
I can enter the literary arena, and poten-  
tially wield a goose quill, my method of castigat-  
ing such turgidulent nonentities shall be so ab-  
struse and their heterodoxical effusions with the  
knife of learning, and to open the catarracts of  
gigantic intellect on their supercilious parch-  
ments.

And, in this, my friends, you will acknowl-  
edge that I am acting with the slightest  
symptom of irrationality, or in any wise con-  
trary to the fundamental constitution of meta-  
physical ingenuity. For (and I have an instinctive  
loathing of intoning the harmonious trumpet  
of my own praises) I have probed myself to be  
profoundly crude in all the intricacies of  
mythological lore; you have watched through the  
key hole of astonishment at the multitudinous  
labors in the glorious cause of literature and  
civilization; you have beheld how effluently I  
conducted the springs of juvenility under my  
tutelar protection, from the serpentine bota-  
nical ignorance and somnolency unto the *via sacra*  
of knowledge and literature, adjacent to which  
the Pierian Spring rolls in the impetuosity of  
its onward career, and in whose very dyes the  
odoriferous herbage of classicality springs up  
in the luxuriance of verdant vegetation.

You have seen how I, girded with the crues-  
cent panoply of mighty genius, have soared  
aloft, with aquiline pinions, to the almost in-  
accessible regions of classicality—how I dived  
with a victorious plunge, into the profoundest  
depths of scientific analgesia—how I per-  
grinated, led on by the transcendent illumina-  
tion of my own capacity, through the outan-  
eous labyrinths of mathematics, notwithstanding  
the more than nocturnal tenorosity of its  
cavernous recesses; your *sensus audiendi* must  
have been philharmonically accosted by my  
dulcified exaltations on the astronomical pul-  
chritude of the stellariferous heavens; and how  
condemned must have been the cloud which  
circumbated you, when the amaranthine in-  
sane of my grammatical, geographical and his-  
torical researches ascended from the gigantic  
conflagration of my genius, like the thurifica-  
ting flames of the ancient Vestals.

This pellucid exposition, Oh Friends, though  
apparent a blast of egotism, is in *res veritate*, a  
conglomeration of unadulterated veracity; but  
lest I may keep you in a protracted state of pen-  
dulousity by the further preludeous prebations,  
I shall approximate instantaneously *ad rem*,  
imprimis, by demonstrating the nihility of this  
extra parochial scaramouch, and subsequently  
by delineating to you the insubstantial character  
of his pseudographic defamations.

The appellatory cognomen of my propagandist  
is as yet unascertained by me; but the putrid  
atmosphere of his rural gazettes supplies me  
with ample premises whence I may draw the  
very logical conclusion that it is better his  
nomenclature should dominate in lethargic  
somniferously under the unbragging canopy of  
perpetual oblivion. The *unde et quo* of this  
pharmacopist of letters is likewise a *terra in-  
cognita*—but if I may again draw from the ex-  
uberant fountain of my capacious imagination,  
I would dauntlessly pronounce him to be the  
phlegmatic excrement of the sequestered alleys  
of a city, or some campestrial cypher of semi-  
barbarous rusticity; and that his consanguineal  
blood relations are either the pyramidal volu-  
me of amalgamated vagabondism, or some  
voracious Nebuchadnezzars of verdure, whose  
sole manifestations of a *percrebrum* consisted  
in a squacious precosity to increase their ab-  
dominal rotundity, by nocturnal, manducations  
of the homogeneous and heterogeneous quint-  
essence of animated nature.

When those paphlogonous emanations from  
the quill of this scribbler first appeared in this  
portion of our spheroidal world, I upon perusal  
was disposed to be a little risible from the ridi-  
culosity of the sentiments contained therein,  
afterwards, growing indignant at the total vacu-  
um of syllogistic, or even ethymematic formal-  
ity, as well as at the unjustifiable homicide of the  
plain rules of orthography, etymology, syntax  
and prosody, I vociferated for the annihilation  
of the grammar-killing basilopelte, and his  
substantive extinction from the academic groves  
of erudite education. I discovered that inflam-  
mability of speech and superlatively scurrilous  
vituperation were the *Telestemon* and the *Ke-  
phalation* of his literary researches. Solid, sub-  
stantial germinating matter was *non est* known  
through the whole of his pyramidal volume,  
Protervity, superfluity, and super vacuousness,  
permeated the totality; torrents of plagiarism de-  
luded the sentences; the mists of equivoqual  
ignorance enveloped the original paragraphs,  
in fine, all the effusions were ultramundane  
evolutions of torpidity. Such is the nature  
of the flammeous catapults that have been  
projected in derogation of my literary renown,  
and such the character of the pusillanimous  
biped that has sought to demigrate with the  
tenebrous ink or corruptibility, my immortal  
glory, and tear, with a volcanic grasp, the re-  
splendent laurels from my victorious brow.

Alas! when I reflect and cogitate, how the  
mendacious weapon of idiosyncrasy had nearly  
penetrated my immaculate character and brought  
discredit on the celebrated *literati* of whom I am  
an humble representative, I become lachrymose  
and I ejaculate a barytone sigh for the prosper-  
ousness of our untrammelled freedom, when we,  
of the faculty, could castigate *ad libitum*, and flag-  
ellate even to excretion, the *coram deo* of  
turbulent urbane; but now we cannot resist  
an inch of an obstreperous juvenile without  
being made the subject of a defamatory invective.  
And whereas we could *nullo obstante* on a  
frigid morning in days of yore, take a plunge  
in the liquid abysses of the whiskey cask and be-  
come decently inebriated at stated periods of  
we cannot protrude our nasal appendages be-  
yond the odoriferous threshold of Mrs. Fish-  
erty's spirit vaults, to expel frigification and  
impart the elixir of vitality to our corporeal ma-  
chinery through the instrumentality of alcoholic  
panacea, but that this venial peccadillo will be  
communicated into a nefarious proceeding by  
those itinerant ternaquants whose opprobrious  
epithets and decorated insinuations are heaped  
upon us in the clangorous succession of Niagara  
winter showers. *O tempora—O mores!!!* (That's  
Cicero.)

And now in conclusion, my friends, I roga-  
te you, on this the nones of November, to depre-  
cate, even to consecration, the elementary in-  
troduction of such misanthropic vapors—to depre-  
cate those catastrophic peregrinations which un-  
der the flood gates of their amphibious minds to ir-  
rigate the fertile plains of your moral tenden-

cies, and I—I reiterate with colossal determi-  
nation, though with demulcent veredundity, I  
will supplicate the immortal deities of the Olympian  
turrets to assuile me in my adventurous  
attempts to beseech the paternal Jupiter to  
incubate him with his fulminating thunder-  
bolts—I will invoke Titan to conjoin his lapid-  
cular missiles on his, concocting percrebrum  
for his speedy pulverization; and I will in a gen-  
uine orison, pray the belligerent Mars to  
strike terror into his mortal mechanism, and to  
anthematize him with the conflicting maran-  
das of sempiternal vengeance.

[Written for the NATIONALIST.]

## Irish Names.

Thousands of our countrymen are proud  
enough of their Milesian origin, to thank God  
that "they are not as other men;" that for ex-  
ample, they have none of the base blood of  
the Anglo-Saxon in their veins. These men are  
willing to concede that there is much of vigor  
in the English character, but hold that that  
vigor is due to the Norman and not to the  
Saxon. They are willing to fraternize with the  
Irishman who is entitled to begin his name  
with "Mac" or "O," but seem rather inclined  
to treat all others as only half Irish. Carpen-  
ter and Mason and Smith and Brown and the  
rest of them, they regard as descendants of  
Elizabeth's adventurers or Cromwell's troopers,  
though the said Carpenter and Smith may be as  
truly Celtic as any O'Neill or O'Brian in the  
land. In this paper it is proposed to show that  
there are more Celts scattered throughout the  
world than these men are willing to acknowl-  
edge. It is assumed that they know the object  
of the English invasion and occupation of Ire-  
land have been robbery—robbery of the soil  
and other possessions of the natives. To ac-  
complish this robbery, and retain its fruits for  
themselves and their descendants for ever,  
slaughter and a thousand other things were  
necessary. After despoiling the ancient nation,  
and slipping the slave's collar on its trampled  
neck, it was necessary to guard against the peo-  
ple ever having power to rise against their  
masters. Among the thousand diabolical con-  
trivances for utterly ruining the half-conquered  
land, and obliterating all hope of national resur-  
rection was the famous Statute of Kilkenny.  
It was in a parliament held there in 1367,  
and these are samples of its mild provisions.  
Any alliance with the Irish by marriage, foster-  
age, or goosie should be punishable as high  
treason; to use the Breton law was treason  
also; and any man of English race taking an  
Irish name or using the Irish language, apparel,  
or customs, should forfeit all his property.  
Even this was not enough. At a Parliament  
held some years afterwards at Trim, it was en-  
acted that the Irish within the pale (or limits of  
English power) should be compelled to abandon  
their Irish ways, and adopt those of the En-  
glish plunderers. The kindly old customs of  
Erin which bound chief and clansman in heart  
bonds together should be abolished, the ancient  
speech was made a crime, and the ancient name  
a reason good enough to justify the lieges in  
slaying its owners into prison. Celtic appella-  
tions were prohibited under severe penalties;  
the "Mac" and "O" were rendered odious  
in the sight of law; and accordingly we find  
many of the old families of Leinster without  
them. Such of the O'Neills as found their way  
within the pale lost their distinctive prefix, and  
as Neills were tolerated because the word Neill was good Saxon.  
O'More without the "O" suggested a "Great Mys-  
tère," as Byrne pronounced in modern fash-  
ion might suggest a something hot. These  
were names which could not so easily escape  
the law's tendency to make English of every-  
thing left within the four seas of Ireland. This  
Trim parliament generously granted to the  
Irish, whom it was not expedient to exterminate,  
the privilege of taking English names after the  
following manner. They might call them-  
selves after some town, or place, or indeed  
after any material object in nature's wide do-  
main; and so, many who couldn't help them-  
selves had their fine old Celtic names changed  
to such as these: Sutton, Bray, Meath, Ireland,  
and Castle. There was no objection to their  
adoption of such disguises as Salmon, Whale,  
Lion, Wolfe, Ginger or Pepper. The law  
allowed them to take the name of any color,  
and hence we meet with men whose faces be-  
speak their Celtic origin, but whose names  
sound English in White, Black, Brown, and  
Green. If they couldn't find any color in the  
Irish name, they might take the name of  
some trade or other avocation; and accord-  
ingly, there were soon families of Smiths and  
Carpenters, Wheelers, Masons, and Skinners.  
If they had little imagination, they could call  
themselves Coffins. The trouble with these  
metamorphosed names is that some of them are  
found in England as well as in Ireland. The  
MacGowans might translate the name to Smith-  
son, the MacGills, Plindholes, or O'Sowry  
to know which is the right Smith, and which  
the wrong one. To the experienced, the diffi-  
culty is not a great one, inasmuch as the cast  
of countenance, and the tendencies of the will  
in general sufficient guides. The Gaels of  
Kilkenny became Gaels as if they were airy fel-  
lows, and the MacGills, Plindholes, or O'Sowry  
Fitzpatrick as if they were Normans. The  
MacShanes of Antrim became Johnsons and  
Jacksons, and one of these MacShanes, Old  
Hickory, won the battle of New Orleans, and be-  
came President of the United States.

At last, however, the Celts of Ireland  
are more numerous than the English, and  
that many of those commonly  
English are genuine Irish. The subject is here  
merely introduced—a thousand illustrations of  
the strange changes of our names will occur to  
every intelligent reader. For all I know to the  
contrary, my own name may be as Milesian as  
that of Brian Kennedy, otherwise known as  
Brian Boy. My face, as my old woman asserts,  
is Irish enough, and I have some reason to  
believe my heart is.

It was bad enough for the English to despoil  
us of our lands, without robbing us of our  
names, and doing afterwards all that villainous  
and malice could invent to bring us into odium  
and contempt; but as they were, from the be-  
ginning, our deadly enemies, their action is not  
so unimpeachable or so unnatural as that of the  
poor demoted puppy who finds his ancient  
Irish name an eyesore and incongruity to him.  
Before Irishmen fought their way to their pre-  
sented comparatively respectable position in Ameri-  
can society, there were found some individuals  
so besottedly ignorant of the past glories of  
their race that they wished their names in such  
fashion as would be purged of their fathers.  
The barbarian who turned Nolan into Newland,  
or made any similar change in the ancient name  
is a "mighty purty" specimen of an Irishman,  
but there are some specimens to be found crawl-  
ing over the fair face of America; and it may be  
added, that generally Ireland is more ashamed  
of them than they of Ireland.

The Celtic name in almost all cases bespeaks  
Celtic blood; but it does not follow that, in like

case, the Saxon name under which an Irish  
family may be known is always proof of Saxon  
origin. And among representative Irishmen  
to-day there are nearly as many men without the  
Mac or O as with them. This question of names,  
however, though interesting enough, is not of  
paramount importance. "A rose by any other  
name would smell as sweet." It is fine to have  
a grand old Irish name pointing to ancestral  
deeds which do us honor; but it is finer to have  
a stout old Irish heart ready to take up arms at  
a moment's notice to establish and defend Irish  
liberty.

About Irish names I have more to say in a fu-  
ture number. For to-day, sufficient is the evil  
thereof. D. U. L.

## ANSLEY G. DAVIS, —THE— GOLDEN RULE BAZAAR.

No. 419 Kearny street, between Pine and California,  
San Francisco. Importer and dealer in Furnishing  
Goods, Fancy Notions, Etc. dec-4

C. STORM. A. J. SHRADER.  
Storm Co.,  
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

## Wood and Coal.

Office—No. 322 Montgomery street, near Califor-  
nia. Yard and Mill, Berry Street, near foot of Third,  
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## European Singing Birds.

Canaries, Thrushes, Larks, Blackbirds,  
Nightingales, Goldfinches, Etc.  
A Variety of Cages on hand. Seed for  
sale.

V. GROMOTKA,  
No. 654 WASHINGTON STREET, between  
Kearny and Montgomery. j74-4

R. LEHMAN AND COMPANY.  
(Successor to C. BORCHARD.)  
Have received a Diploma from the Mechanics Fair  
1871, at San Francisco.

WHOLESALE CONFECTIONERS.  
No. 408 Davis Street, between Washington and Jackson,  
San Francisco. Manufacture all kinds of Cakes from  
the Best Materials, and will sell at least as low as any  
other House in the trade. Goods warranted to keep  
in any climate. Country orders promptly attended to.  
Dealers supplied on liberal terms. Also a large assort-  
ment of Nuts. j74-4

Dr. A. R. Walker,  
DENTIST,  
Teeth extracted for 50 cents, children  
25 cents.  
No. 175 Mission street, corner of Fourth, San Fran-  
cisco. j74-4

DR. S. H. ROBERTS.  
Dentist,  
No. 142 1/2 Fourth Street near Howard, San Francisco.  
Office hours from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. j74-4

For a Short Time Only.  
\$10,000—To any person able to equal MADAME  
SCHWEEB, Clairvoyant and Professor of Great Mys-  
tère. She cures all sickness or no charge. Consulta-  
tion given on all affairs. Thousands for love, prosperity,  
family unhappiness. Also, see your intended. Fee, 50  
cents up. Corner Folsom and Seventh Streets, (over  
fruit store) San Francisco j74-4

E. McDonough,  
TAILOR.  
(Late of New York, Charleston, South Carolina, and  
Melbourne, Australia.)

FIRST-CLASS WORK GUARANTEED.  
No. 925 Market Street, (opposite Mason.) j712-4

Mrs. Dillon & Mrs. Kenealy,  
FASHIONABLE MILLINERS.  
No. 30 Third Street, between Mission and Market Sts.,  
SAN FRANCISCO.

Mourning Goods constantly kept on hand. Hats  
and Bonnets Bleached and Pressed. Country Orders  
promptly attended to. j74-4

March Styles Of  
BUTTERICK & CO.'S CELEBRATED PATTERNS  
for Ladies', Misses', Boys', and Little Children.  
These Patterns are the Standard for American fashions.  
Send postage stamp for price list and illustrated cata-  
logue. ADDRESS  
H. A. DEMING,  
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MINERS' MARKET,  
CORNER OF  
First and Clementine sts., San Francisco.

TAUTPAUS & STARK, — Proprietors.  
FAMILIES SUPPLIED WITH ALL KINDS OF MEATS  
and vegetables, at reasonable rates. All goods deliv-  
ered free of charge. j74-4

Z. H. CUNNINGHAM. G. W. PARKER.  
CUNNINGHAM & PARKER,  
BLACKSMITHS, CARRIAGE AND WAGON  
MAKERS.

JOBBER of every description executed with dispatch  
in a workmanlike manner.  
Nos. 654, 656 & 658 Howard st., near Third, San Francisco.  
j74-4

E. SCHLOTT. J. SCHMIDT.  
MUSIC FURNISHED  
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION BY  
Ernst Schlott & Jos. Schmidt.

Orders may be left at Fuld's and Co.'s Musical Instru-  
ment and Toy Store, No. 207 Montgomery Street, Russ  
House Block.  
Private Residence of Mrs. SCHLOTT, No. 423 Chestnut  
Street. Private Residence of Mrs. JOSEPH SCHMIDT, (for-  
mer Leader of the Department Band) No. 1025 Washing-  
ton Street. j74-4

T. F. BAINE. JAS. J. CANIFF.  
CELTIC CLUB HOUSE.  
Baines & Caniff, — PROPRIETORS

Always on hand an excellent stock of  
SUPERIOR BRANDIES, WINES, LIQUORS  
AND HAVANA CIGARS.  
No. 1032 MARKET STREET, between Fifth and  
Sixth, San Francisco. j74-4

## HIBERNIA HALL, 246 THIRD STREET.

McMANUS & MURPHY, — PROPRIETORS.  
The best Wines and Liquors constantly on hand. Dub-  
lin and London Stout. Irish and Scotch Whisky. mh29-4

## EXTENSION HOUSE, 111 Jessie Street.

Between Second and New Montgomery, SAN FRANCISCO.  
Board and Lodging (per week) \$5 00 to \$7 00  
mh29-4 MRS. CREIGHTON.

## NOTICE.

PERSONS DESIROUS OF OBTAINING ROOMS AND  
a board in the new frame building corner of Fifth and  
Market streets, can do so by applying at 611 Folsom  
street, bet. Second and Third, as the house will be open  
from May 1st. mh29-4 MRS. H. HANNAH.

## Bootz's Hotel, 485 Pine Street.

Between Kearny and Montgomery, SAN FRANCISCO.  
Board and Lodging (per week) \$5 00 to \$7 00  
Board per Week. mh29-4

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## HIBERNIA BREWERY, HOWARD STREET.

Between Eighth and Ninth, SAN FRANCISCO.

## BEST ALE AND PORTER.

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## C. J. COLLINS. HATTER.

No. 331 MONTGOMERY STREET, NEAR  
California Street, under the I. O. O. F. Hall.  
Masonic Army and Navy Goods a Specialty. j74-4

## M. H. QUINN, HATTER.

No. 127 FOURTH STREET,  
Near Howard, SAN FRANCISCO. mh29-4

## M. F. WALSH, FASHIONABLE

Boot and Shoe  
and Makers.  
No. 811 Market street, (opposite  
Francisco. Orders promptly attended to. A good fit guaranteed.  
Repair neatly executed. j74-4

## E. Supple, —IMPORTER OF— FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS.

Blankets, Quilts, Sheetings, Linens, Damasks and  
Towels.

No. 158 THIRD STREET,  
Near Howard, SAN FRANCISCO.  
A large Assortment of Housekeeping Goods always on  
hand.

## Francis & Valentine. ALL KINDS OF PRINTING NEATLY EXECUTED.

No. 517 Clay Street, Commercial Steam Printing House  
San Francisco j74-4

S. A. GORDON. M. BURKE.  
Market Street Cigar Store  
GORDON & BURKE,  
Manufacturers and Dealers in  
HAVANA CIGARS AND TOBACCO  
No. 842 Market Street, opposite Fourth,  
San Francisco. j74-4

## D. Sweeney & Co., Cattle Commission Merchants,

Corner Tenth and Howard streets, SAN FRANCISCO.  
Have constantly on hand fresh family Milk Cows,  
Horses, etc. Large and commodious stalls and corals,  
and superior accommodations for all kinds of stock. j74-4

## NORCROSS & CO., Manufacturers and Dealers in

REGALIA, LODGE SUPPLIES, MILITARY  
AND NAVAL GOODS, FLAGS,  
BANNERS, ETC.

MASONIC TEMPLE, No. 4 Post Street, one door from  
Montgomery Street, San Francisco. j74-4

## GAFFEY & KEARNS, Importers and Wholesale Dealers in

Choice French Wines and Liquors,  
CALIFORNIA WINES AND BRANDIES.  
No. 25 Second street, near Stevenson, (opposite the  
Grand Hotel), San Francisco. j74-4

## Court Exchange

MURDOCK & MURRAY, — PROPRIETORS

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Wines and Liquors.  
Dunbar Alley, Near of City Hall, San Francisco. j74-4

# THE NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 19, 1873.

## The Mitchell Demonstration.

[SAN FRANCISCO, OCT. 25, 1853.]

After Mr. Mitchell's escape from penal servitude in Tasmania, and his arrival in this city, all classes of society vied with one another in doing him honor. From the report then published of the proceedings at the banquet, we take the following. Governor Bigler presided, the distinguished guest, John Mitchell being on his right, and Governor Lane of Oregon on his left. Among those present were Ex-Governor McDougal, Gen. Sutter, Gen. Denver, Gen. Covarrubias, Archbishop Alemany, Rev. H. Gallagher, Mayor Garrison, Lieut. Gov. Purdy, T. B. Morgan, Col. Henry P. J. Smith, Captain Davis, the Commander of the *Julia Ann* in which Mitchell escaped, Philip A. Roach, Gen. Morse, Chief Justice Murry, Col. Baker, J. D. Oliver, Miles D. Sweney, etc. "The magnificence of the demonstration," says a journal of the time, "in honor of the long-suffering and lion-hearted Irish Patriot, John Mitchell, has never been equalled in California, and for respectability, unity of sentiment, and the manifestation of a genuine and whole-hearted sympathy with the object of his life—the freedom of his native land, it could not be surpassed in any State or country on the globe. From the highest officials of the Executive governments of this State and the neighboring Territory—the Generals of the Mexican war, the Judges of the land—the Mayor and Corporation of this city, the Bankers, Merchants, professional men, and as many of the other various grades of its inhabitants as the largest hall in San Francisco could contain, though crowded to excess, there arose one shout of triumphant joy which will long be remembered by those present as the most thrilling expression of heartfelt triumph ever uttered by the true representatives of a great people."

To the toast *California our Home*, Governor Bigler replied, and among other things said: "To-night, fellow citizens, you have risen in mass to give evidence to your devotion to a principle dear to us all, but which has been proscribed in other quarters and for which you, Sir, (turning to Mr. Mitchell) have suffered in a dungeon—(tremendous applause.) It gives me pleasure to see you greet in this manner the people of California. I know no occasion when I have felt so proud as I do to-night, because you are here, fellow citizens, manifesting your attachment to that cause of liberty on which our government rests."

In response to the toast, John Mitchell and the *Independence of Ireland*, Mr. Mitchell arose, and in an instant the whole company were upon their feet. For ten minutes one could scarcely hear himself shout. All eyes were upon the distinguished guest. Above the heads of the assembled crowd hundreds of handkerchiefs were waving, and cheer upon cheer arose. The applause swelled and lulled, and swelled again like the winds upon the tempestuous sea. At last when all were seated, Mr. Mitchell spoke as follows: "Governor Bigler and citizens of San Francisco—You will wonder—you will indulge me a little, me a captive of five years' living death, immured in dungeons by land and sea, or eating the bitter bread of penal exile in the depths of the forest of a convict colony—if my senses are somewhat overpowered by the thunders of your welcome to a free land. I seem like one slowly opening his eyes to the light of the outer world after a long and painful trance, and the splendor of this republican festival dazzles me. And perhaps had I obeyed the dictates of that humility which becomes a man and a hunted fugitive—if I had taken counsel of my own quiet disposition, I should have asked permission respectfully to decline the high honor you do me this day. God knows it is in no triumph we Irish rebels set foot upon your shores. Americans, with the load of our chains only just shaken off, and the load of our inglorious defeat, which is bitterer than chains, and cannot be shaken off, still heavy on our souls—with some of our comrades still pining in bondage, with the blood-bounds of the enemy still questioning on our track behind, and a wide world before us when we have no home, no country—it might be thought happiness enough for us to fling ourselves exhausted and breathless upon your soil, and to feel ourselves at last—at last—safe under the hospitable shadow of your Eagle's wings. But the terms in which I have been invited to this board, leave me no room for such feelings. I must not think of myself when you offer me, O Americans, you offer me sympathy with my cause. And Americans, I have heard, are observant of what passes in the world. You know well what that cause is, and what that sympathy implies. Here is much more than personal compliment; here is something that supercedes and would make ridiculous the affectation of personal diffidence. I indeed am nothing, but liberty is sacred, and Ireland is dear, and justice is eternal. And my cause was, and is, and while I live shall be, the cause of Irish freedom against English tyranny—Irish rights against English bayonets. It is the cause of independent industry for our own living against base pauperism for England's gain. It is the same old and dear cause of Irish republicanism to which our fathers were sworn in '88, and for which Tone labored and lived, and for which Emmet could but die. Knowing all this, you tender not to me, but to my country, on this first point of American land I touch, your frank and manly endorsement of that righteous cause. (And could I presume to decline this? Could I with an impudent modesty deprecate your sympathy with Ireland's wrongs, your honest indignation against England's enemies and oppressors? No! no! I exult in this hearty welcome. I thank you for it from my very soul. I take a grim delight in it; for well I know the warm words of cheer you give me to-night will reach the hearts of some of my broken and desponding countrymen, and kindle in their hearts again some sparks of the fire of manhood—the loud echo of freemen's voices ringing in the ear of our tyrants in their high places, and bid them beware of the next earthquake of the nations. Who will dare talk to me of despair? Who is abject enough to despair of the cause of right, and truth, and freedom? In Ireland, indeed, truth has been called a lie by act of Parliament, and that ancient passion for liberty has been well nigh, as the enemy hopes, crushed and trampled out of her; but after all, Irishmen still belong to that family of the human race whence sprung the heroes and the demigods. High hearts and strong hands are bred there still; and the cup of slavery is still a bitter draught as of old, and the sting of universal contempt is maddening and time and silence wait on all men, and steel still cuts, and fire still burns, and heaven is above us all. The

graves indeed of two millions of our famished, murdered nation will not give up their dead, though the graves are shallow, and the dead coffinsless. The seven years' war in Ireland might continue in quiet to consume the Irish food for want of which the Irish die of hunger. Now, if all this be true, the Queen of England and her servants are the felons; and the respect you pay to me is a blow to them. They regard me as their enemy, and they are right. You cannot do me an honor without an insult to them—I accept the honor: I hope they will understand the insult. You will not imagine that I relate those things to you as merely a series of personal outrages on me—in that point of view they would be of no importance at all. I relate them that you may judge what species of pretended government that must be where such things can be done in the open day against the will of nine-tenths of the community—that you may see how entirely justified every man is in endeavoring to overthrow and to punish such a Government.

As for me, I have not come here to whine about my own sufferings. In the worst and blackest of my many dungeons my enemies never extorted from me one word of submission. They have indirectly let us know that if we showed contrition we might be liberated. They asked for contrition, they got in reply loud disdain and defiance. What I have said to-night is no more than what I said in the criminal's dock before the false judge—no more than what I have printed again and again in the public newspapers of Van Dieman's Land. Thank Heaven my head has always been high—I am glad they waited for contrition—I am proud that I was liberated not by their Queen's pardon, but by the disloyal aid of some of her Majesty's subjects in Australia, and by the daring and energy of my brave confederate and brother rebel who sits at this table. [Cheers for P. J. Smyth.] Enough, then for the past. I fling it behind me from this night, and look forward, forward. I have commenced in your State my novitiate in order to become an American citizen. I believe America will not hold it disloyal to her, if we Irish-Americans look anxiously out for an opportunity, and if we one day dash at the opportunity to wipe off the dishonor of the old mother-land, and to dry her tears and staunch her wounds, and make her a participator in that noble republican freedom that your fathers have shown all the world the way to win.

It is needless to say that the applause at the conclusion of this brilliant speech was tumultuous.

**Foreign.**

The Sultan of Zanzibar, having before his eyes the fate of other semi-civilized potentates of the East, flatly refuses to ratify the English treaty, the arguments of Sir Bartle Frere notwithstanding. England's anxiety to abolish the slave trade is merely a pretext, the real object in view being the acquisition of some of the Sultan's territory. In this project Germany naturally takes a hand, and for the same object; but it seems that other powers, Portugal, France, and the United States, with no such axes to grind, have been wheedled into supporting England's claims. As the army of Zanzibar is insignificant, England will be heroically brave.

There has been an abortive insurrection in Hayti. "General" Michel was the ringleader. The authorities succeeded in quelling the disturbance, and thirty of those implicated, including the leader, were executed. Michel, who was a hair dresser in 1858, and became General in 1868, made a grandiloquent speech on the scaffold; and said that great men, like Napoleon and others, had their destiny to fulfill, and he had fulfilled his.

The drought in Java made the rice crop a failure. Famine ensued, and several children have been sold to the Dutch.

The Peruvian Minister to Japan is not so favorably received by the government of that country as he expected.

The Shah of Persia is not so uncivilized as Europeans are wont to imagine. He wants to get into debt, and for that purpose will see the London bankers. Whether the millions are required for war or for railroads, the world is not informed. If he is diplomatic enough to borrow money to enable him to become the effective ally of Russia against England, we shall look upon it as a sacred spoiling of the Egyptians.

His Highness Prince Menschikoff has been sent by the Russian Government to meet the Shah of Persia; and the Government at St. Petersburg is making every preparation to impress that monarch with a sense of the magnitude, power and might of the Czar is to meet that interesting youth, the Duke of Edinburgh, to see how she might like to take him with her to the Greek Church for the rest of his days.

The clandestine traffic in slaves is said to be reviving of late in Stamboul, in consequence of the police having relaxed in the vigilance which they showed some time ago in watching the arrivals from Tripoli and other known slave marts of vessels with concealed slaves on board.

**Europe.**

France is fast recovering from the effects of her disastrous war. The revenue statistics lately published by the Government, shows this sign of prosperity that the exports are increasing, and the imports diminishing. In January, 1872, the imports amounted to 338,000,000 francs, and in January, 1873, to only 262,000,000. The exports for January, 1872, were 238,000,000, and for January, 1873, rose to 260,000,000, an advance of 22,000,000. Confidence in the future greatness of the country is unbounded.

Prussia proposes to build eleven armor-clads, eleven corvettes, and three dispatch boats, which are to be finished in 1877, at an estimated cost of \$20,000,000. The Kaiser will next want waters to sail them in.

Postal cards have been received with great favor in France; 2,351,000 at two cents and 4,491,100 at three cents were sold in ten days, and the circulation of letters has not diminished.

Two young princes, the sons of Archduke Charles of Austria, had a warm dispute in the presence of no less person than the Emperor himself. Greatly excited, one said to the other, "You are the greatest ass in Vienna." Highly offended at a quarrel in his presence, the Emperor interrupted them, saying, with indignation, "Come, come, young gentlemen, you forget that I am present!"

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## Latest Telegraphic News.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 18, 1873.  
PROPOSED CELEBRATION BY FRENCH RESIDENTS  
IN NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.—Arrangements are making by the French residents in this neighborhood, for a celebration of the approaching evacuation of France by the Germans.

RIOT AT KNIGHTSVILLE, INDIANA.  
INDIANAPOLIS.—A serious riot is in progress at Knightsville, between the strikers from the coal mines and negro miners lately imported from Virginia. The whole town is apparently engaged in the melee. At midnight Governor Hendricks was called on for troops.

LATER.—INDIANAPOLIS.—A detachment of militia arrived at Knightsville this forenoon, where the riot between negro laborers and white employes of the Western Iron Works occurred yesterday. Quiet is now restored and several of the ringleaders have been arrested.

THE WAR OF RACES IN LOUISIANA.

NEW ORLEANS.—The trouble in Grant Parish arose out of the distribution of Parish offices. The Lynch Returning Board ignored all the officers elected by the people of the parish, and Governor Kellogg filled their places with his own appointees. These failed to qualify, and the Governor then ordered the parties originally elected to assemble at Colfax to qualify. A large force of negroes, instigated by several white men, members of the Kellogg Legislature, armed themselves and took possession of the Court House at Colfax. They erected barricades, from which they issued, plundering plantations, stopping steamboats for a supply of food, etc. Mounting the whites of the parish began to gather at Colfax to consider what to do. They were joined by the whites of the surrounding parishes, and by Saturday there were one hundred and fifty whites encamped around the Court House at Colfax, in which were several hundred negroes, most of them armed with Enfield rifles. The white leaders of the negroes slipped on board a passing steamer on Friday evening and went to New Orleans, out of the reach of danger.

The first fight occurred on Saturday. The whites under command of Hadnot, a member of the Fusionist Legislature, were defeated, but there was no loss of life.

On Sunday noon the final battle took place. The barricades were stormed, and the negroes being unable to force the doors, set fire to the Court House, and as the negroes ran out to escape the flames, they shot them down one by one, to the number of one hundred. Many others were wounded. At last advice, not a negro was to be seen in the vicinity of Colfax.

CANADA.

HALIFAX FORTIFICATIONS TO BE IMPROVED.

HALIFAX, April 17th.—Late advices say that the Imperial Government will spend half a million sterling on the fortifications at Halifax this year.

ESTIMATED RELATIVE VALUES OF BODIES.

HALIFAX.—The weather is too rough for work at the week of the Atlantic. A special search for bodies will soon be commenced. The White Star agents agree to pay \$50 for every cabin body recovered, and \$30 for every steerage.

About one hundred thousand dollars worth of goods has been raised by divers from the wreck of the Atlantic.

RIOT AT CHATHAM ARSENAL.

LONDON, April 15th.—There was a riot at Chatham yesterday, between the engineers and marines attached to the Arsenal. Many were wounded. The troops were called out and restored order, after arresting many of the rioters.

FRANCE.

INCREASE OF SPECIE IN THE BANK OF FRANCE.

PARIS, April 17th.—Specie in the Bank of France increased one million francs the past week.

SPAIN.

MANY CARLISTS SURRENDERING.

MADRID.—Many Carlists in the North have surrendered in hope of amnesty. It is reported that the Duke of Seville, who joined the Carlists, was killed in a late engagement.

PORTO RICO.

DENIAL OF THE REVOLTS OF TROOPS.

MADRID.—The Government denies the report of a revolt of troops in Porto Rico. The troops simply asked and obtained increased pay.

FARM NOTES.

Sheep raising is a more than usually prosperous business in Monterey county this year. The Merino breeds in bands of not more than 2,000 are found to be the most profitable, their wool commanding the highest figures. In that section the annual average yield is six pounds of wool per head, which sells at 15 cents for Fall wool and twenty-five cents for Spring clip.

Sonoma in some places produces six tons of alfalfa to the acre.

The idea of carrying the co-operative system extensively into farming is receiving favorable attention. There is no reason why it should not succeed. Up to the present, there have been but few attempts of the kind made; but those few have been successful. We do not however, call it much of co-operation for a single pair of old bachelors to get together, rent a small farm, crop it, and separate for comfort after harvest.

Woolen mills are to be put up at once at Healdsburg and other points in the Russian River Valley. The action taken in Sonoma and other counties plainly indicates that California is tired of having her woolen goods manufactured on either shore of the Atlantic.

WAGES AND LABOR.

The irrepressible Chinese labor question is up again. There is but one way, says the *Sacramento Record*, to oust the Chinese, and that is by demonstrating that the ostensible economy exercised in employing them is a fictitious economy; in other words, that "Chinese cheap labor" is not, save in rare and isolated cases, really cheap. The recent movement of the shoe makers of San Francisco back to white labor, after a full experiment with the Chinese, seems to support the conclusion that the present tendency is away from the Mongolian instead of towards him. The cost of manufacturing is not more affected by the price of labor than other enterprises. The higher-priced workmen manage more spindles, makes better machines, saves in material and time more than the difference between himself and the low-priced workmen. An average cost of construction is thus found to exist almost everywhere, and

practically nothing is saved by employing the Hindoo who works for about eighteen to twenty cents a day, as against the European who demands from five to ten or twelve shillings per diem.

Again, dear labor stimulates invention and pushes the introduction of machinery. Here is a very striking illustration. When the Grand Trunk Railroad was opened a number of cast iron wheels for the cars, were sent out from England. It was found that they would not answer, were too soft and wore out under the jar of frozen road-beds too quickly. Then a quantity of wrought iron wheels were sent out, but they, also, proved a complete failure. Finally, recourse was had to American manufacturers, and cast iron wheels were obtained which served the purpose admirably. Now this superiority of American cast iron to that of England is a curious fact, for it is a fact, and the excellence of our metal is generally acknowledged. But when we inquire into it we find that it arises from the greater skill used in mixing the ores, and that the employment of this extra skill was necessitated by the demands of labor, which compelled the more frequent use of cast iron in manufacturing. We are now supplying England, the great iron country, with shovels, axes and many kinds of tools, and we beat the manufacturers of light machinery and particularly of agricultural machinery. The stimulus thus resulting was derived from the pressure of dear labor, and as the inventive faculty has thus far kept pace with the demands of the working classes there is no reason to seek elsewhere for help. These facts show that Chinese cheap labor is a delusion; that the cost of production does not depend upon the rate of wages (nor for that matter upon the hours of labor); and that other things being equal, the country where labor is dear (and good) will, always be enabled to hold its own against the countries where labor is cheap and poor, even though the cost of living be materially lower in the latter. These facts will, if in no other way than by experience, force themselves upon the attention of manufacturers and others who are disposed to think there is something in Chinese cheap labor. As regards San Francisco, high wages have nothing to do with her inability to manufacture. It is the cost of motive power that paralyzes her, and it is just that motive power which we possess in unlimited quantities at Palom.

Irish "Disunion."

Some men seem afflicted with a mania for borrowing their convictions at second-hand, if we may be permitted to use the expression. We have at this moment before us copies of responses, speeches, and lectures, of which the central idea is only an endless repetition of that old shibboleth—"Irish disunion." Now, it is tiresome to hear this everlasting monody thrummed out from a single string. What does such music mean? Nobody makes a systematic effort to prove the fact of Irish disunion. Those who spread themselves in protesting against it, and who have some magical remedy to suggest for its cure, always take the existence of the malady to be an admitted fact. Herein lies the mistake, for this theory is accepted at second-hand. It is one of those floating absurdities that are skillfully nurtured by an interested faction, until at length they come to be received by many as undisputed facts. The simple truth is that the Irish people, while exhibiting a spectacle of unity without parallel, are still asked to compass a unity which is morally impossible. Froude and other enemies want to represent the Irish as a factious mob, one-half of which would be always ready to oppose whatever the other half suggested. This is nothing more than a brazen falsehood. As we have already said, we do not claim that the whole Irish race, more than any other people, is unanimous on every point; but on every essential issue it is virtually unanimous. Should more than this be desired, show us an example which may be followed. If unity alone were necessary, the Anglo-Irish problem would be solved in an hour. But revolutions are not easily accomplished, especially by a people who have been starved, hunted, and exiled for ages. Leaders, arms, and a favorable "opportunity" are needed; for England cannot be brought to justice except by her own logic—brute force. If the English Government believed in the efficacy of Irish disunion, why did it disarm every man in Ireland, leaving not so much as a flint pistol or a rusty sword to any one unless a sworn English adherent?

There is entirely too much cant and nonsense spoken about this Irish disunion, and generally by men who ought to know better. Where is there a country more united in its changes of purpose than the Ireland of to-day? Was it perfect union that achieved America's independence? More regiments were actually raised in the colonies for King George than for the Patriot cause. In France, Spain, Prussia, England, the United States, in every country at the present hour there are opposing forces at work, which threaten to change the established order of things. But the entire Irish race, whose only disputed question with regard to Ireland is whether her freedom is to be accomplished by peaceful agitation or by the armed hand—this race is pointed at as a model of disunion! Every man who indorses such a libel, helps to maintain that the men who prate most about "Irish disunion" are the very men who are too stubborn and obstinate to submit to any control, or are else the agents of some quixotic enterprise in which sensible men refuse to embark.—*Irish World.*

Labor Notes.

The Boston boot and shoe trade is not as active as it was hoped it would be by this time. The weather, bad roads, and the money sent west for crops which have not yet gone east are blamable; but reasonable hopes are entertained that a few weeks shall make a most satisfactory change. While promising the manufacturers large orders, the *Shoe and Leather Record* says: "We doubt if wider margins of profit will be secured, much as they are needed to render capital invested in the manufacture of boots and shoes as productive as it ought to be. Time and persistent effort, combined with the price of a judicious economy and adherence to the time of a judicious demand the basis of production, are the only means available for the cure of the evils complained of. The small manufacturers are the chief sufferers from competition, as a very small percentage of profit on every pair of shoes manufactured, while satisfying the manhood producers, scarcely affords a living profit to the former. The manufacturers of slippers are quite cheerful. They seem to have all they can do at present, the long winter having been in their favor. The jobbing trade is fairly active; a glance at their establishments reveals much activity. The near-by trade, which the wild winter weather has hitherto retarded, is gradually becoming livelier, although less so this week than last."